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No. 121 Winter Special

Bumper 36 page issue!

Doctor Who 30th Anniversary retrospective

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Doctor Who 30th Anniversary retrospective

The Best...and the Worst - The Anniversary Series Survey

	STORY	SCORE	V	Dr	S	Y
1	THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS	93.75%	56	PT	4	67
2	The Web of Fear	93.23%	65	PT	5	68
3	Pyramids of Mars	91.48%	552	TB	13	75
4	The Talons of Weng Chiang	90.95%	558	TB	14	77
5	Genesis of the Daleks	90.71%	569	TB	12	75
6	The Caves of Androzani	90.54%	568	PD	21	84
7	The Robots of Death	87.15%	541	TB	14	77
8	The Deadly Assassin	86.06%	559	TB	14	76
9	The Power of the Daleks	85.69%	51	PT	4	66
10	The Seeds of Doom	85.59%	458	TB	13	76
11	The Tomb of the Cybermen	84.88%	548	PT	5	67
12	Fury from the Deep	84.56%	57	PT	5	68
13	The Abominable Snowmen	84.33%	60	PT	5	67
14	City of Death	83.65%	556	TB	17	79
15	Doctor Who & the Silurians	83.11%	511	JP	7	70
16	Earthshock	83.08%	557	PD	19	82
17	Inferno	82.90%	428	JP	7	70
18	The Daleks' Master Plan	82.11%	38	WH	3	65
19	The Ark in Space	81.65%	547	TB	12	75
20	The Tenth Planet	81.46%	48	WH	4	66
21	The Ice Warriors	80.94%	64	PT	5	67
22	The Invasion	80.84%	290	PT	6	68
23	Logopolis	80.04%	563	TB	18	81
24	The Keeper of Traken	79.89%	536	TB	18	81
25	The Daleks	79.80%	510	WH	1	63
26	Revelation of the Daleks	79.59%	565	CB	22	85
27	The Aztecs	79.44%	473	WH	1	64
28	Spearhead from Space	79.41%	546	JP	7	70
29	Terror of the Zygons	79.35%	547	TB	13	75
30	Marco Polo	79.33%	30	WH	1	64
31	The Brain of Morbius	77.65%	545	TB	13	76
32	The Daemons	77.62%	564	JP	8	71
33	The Masque of Mandragora	77.15%	545	TB	14	76
34	The Moonbase	77.04%	54	PT	4	67
35	The Curse of Fenric	76.72%	557	SM	26	89
36	Remembrance of the Daleks	76.54%	563	SM	25	88
37	The Green Death	75.89%	444	JP	10	73
38	The Five Doctors	75.57%	563	PD	20	83
39	Resurrection of the Daleks	75.44%	518	PD	21	84
40	Horror of Fang Rock	74.83%	431	TB	15	77
41	Terror of the Autons	74.19%	527	JP	8	71
42	The Crusade	74.10%	39	WH	2	65
43	The Curse of Peladon	73.99%	529	JP	9	72
44	Planet of Evil	73.68%	435	TB	14	75
45	The Three Doctors	73.34%	559	JP	10	73
46	The Celestial Toymaker	73.33%	42	WH	3	66
47	Image of the Fendahl	72.60%	520	TB	15	77
48	The Stones of Blood	72.60%	418	TB	16	78
49	The Visitation	72.13%	509	PD	19	82
50	Castrovalva	71.93%	533	PD	19	82
51	The Sea Devils	71.61%	560	JP	9	72
52	The War Games	71.25%	519	PT	6	69
53	The Mind of Evil	71.21%	402	JP	8	71
54	The Macra Terror	71.20%	50	PT	4	67
55	Carnival of Monsters	71.12%	497	JP	10	73
56	The Ambassadors of Death	71.01%	383	JP	7	70
57	Enlightenment	70.87%	543	PD	20	83
58	The Hand of Fear	70.35%	438	TB	14	76
59	Kinda	70.15%	503	PD	19	82
60	State of Decay	70.02%	451	TB	18	80
61	Warriors' Gate	69.89%	451	TB	18	81
62	The Faceless Ones	69.41%	51	PT	4	67
63	Black Orchid	69.26%	510	PD	19	82
64	Frontier in Space	69.11%	406	JP	10	73
65	The Time Warrior	68.90%	534	JP	11	73
66	The Android Invasion	68.57%	420	TB	13	75
67	Frontios	68.46%	484	PD	21	84
68	Mission to the Unknown	68.33%	30	WH	3	65
69	The War Machines	67.84%	324	WH	3	66
70	An Unearthly Child	67.73%	549	WH	1	63
71	The Wheel in Space	67.46%	63	PT	5	68
72	The Sontaran Experiment	67.28%	554	TB	12	75
73	Invasion of the Dinosaurs	67.26%	445	JP	11	74
74	Full Circle	67.23%	465	TB	18	80
75	The Mind Robber	67.18%	544	PT	6	68
76	Planet of the Spiders	67.13%	532	JP	11	74
77	Snakedance	66.91%	498	PD	20	83
78	Ghost Light	66.82%	538	SM	26	89
79	The Ribos Operation	66.62%	405	TB	16	78
80	The Awakening	66.31%	502	PD	21	84
81	The Two Doctors	66.14%	523	CB	22	85
82	The Dalek Invasion of Earth	65.80%	487	WH	2	64
83	The Leisure Hive	65.70%	446	TB	18	80
84	Mawdryn Undead	65.68%	549	PD	20	83
85	The Face of Evil	65.67%	403	TB	14	77
86	The Massacre	65.67%	30	WH	3	66
87	The Seeds of Death	64.91%	519	PT	6	69
88	Galaxy Four	64.67%	30	WH	3	65
89	The Keys of Marinus	64.56%	296	WH	1	64
90	Destiny of the Daleks	64.26%	470	TB	17	79
91	Robot	64.21%	541	TB	12	75
92	The Pirate Planet	64.14%	428	TB	16	78
93	Day of the Daleks	63.89%	537	JP	9	72
94	The Sun Makers	63.72%	411	TB	15	77
95	The Invasion of Time	63.40%	427	TB	15	78
96	Vengeance on Varos	63.16%	547	CB	22	85
97	The Reign of Terror	62.94%	34	WH	1	64
	Shada	61.97%	484	TB	17	
98	The Androids of Tara	61.94%	417	TB	16	78
99	Planet of Fire	61.27%	490	PD	21	84
100	The Enemy of the World	61.23%	57	PT	5	67
101	Planet of the Daleks	61.12%	366	JP	10	73
102	Revenge of the Cybermen	60.69%	550	TB	12	75
103	The Highlanders	60.00%	45	PT	4	66
104	The Monster of Peladon	59.73%	413	JP	11	74
105	The Chase	59.24%	354	WH	2	65
106	The Myth Makers	59.00%	30	WH	3	65
107	The Savages	58.57%	35	WH	3	66
108	The Greatest Show in the Galaxy	58.49%	538	SM	25	88
109	The Ark	58.32%	292	WH	3	66
110	The Armageddon Factor	58.31%	403	TB	15	79
111	The Edge of Destruction	58.27%	359	WH	1	64
112	Attack of the Cybermen	58.14%	521	CB	22	85
113	The Romans	58.05%	295	WH	2	65
114	Colony in Space	57.61%	397	JP	8	71
115	The Time Meddler	57.29%	516	WH	2	65
116	The Rescue	57.10%	341	WH	2	65
117	Arc of Infinity	56.97%	495	PD	20	83
118	Survival	56.71%	535	SM	26	89
119	Planet of Giants	56.28%	325	WH	2	64
120	Death to the Daleks	55.41%	536	JP	11	74
121	The Claws of Axos	55.22%	516	JP	8	71
122	The King's Demons	55.06%	497	PD	20	83
123	The Time Monster	54.51%	395	JP	9	72
124	The Sensorites	54.36%	307	WH	1	64
125	The Mutants	53.83%	389	JP	8	72
126	The Invisible Enemy	53.70%	418	TB	15	77
127	The Smugglers	52.90%	31	WH	4	66
128	The Ultimate Foe	51.67%	523	CB	23	86
129	The Mark of the Rani	51.61%	509	CB	22	85
130	The Gunfighters	51.60%	293	WH	3	66
131	Meglos	51.55%	425	TB	18	80
132	The Power of Kroll	51.19%	403	TB	16	79
	K9 and Company	51.13%	425			81
133	The Creature from the Pit	50.83%	426	TB	17	79
134	Nightmare of Eden	50.14%	433	TB	17	79
135	The Space Museum	50.09%	321	WH	2	65
136	Four to Doomsday	49.95%	479	PD	19	82
137	Battlefield	48.75%	560	SM	26	89
138	Mindwarp	48.73%	523	CB	23	86
139	Terminus	48.31%	544	PD	20	83
140	Warriors of the Deep	47.83%	503	PD	21	84
141	The Krotons	47.67%	513	PT	6	69
142	The Web Planet	47.40%	458	WH	2	65
143	The Mysterious Planet	47.00%	525	CB	23	86
144	The Dominators	46.55%	492	PT	6	68
145	Dragonfire	46.47%	529	SM	24	87
146	Terror of the Vervoids	45.26%	524	CB	23	86
147	The Space Pirates	43.28%	58	PT	6	69
148	The Underwater Menace	42.33%	43	PT	4	67
149	The Horns of Nimon	41.66%	429	TB	17	80
150	Timeflight	41.44%	491	PD	19	82
151	The Happiness Patrol	40.56%	549	SM	25	88
152	Underworld	39.72%	377	TB	15	78
153	Silver Nemesis	38.13%	560	SM	25	88
154	Timelash	33.98%	492	CB	22	85
155	The Twin Dilemma	33.03%	547	CB	21	84
156	Delta and the Bannermen	30.07%	532	SM	24	87
157	Paradise Towers	28.61%	537	SM	24	87
158	TIME AND THE RANI	27.18%	542	SM	24	87

KEY: Score - Average score out of ten according to returned forms, expressed as a percentage; **V** - Number of voters to have seen a particular story; **Dr** - Doctor (WH - William Hartnell, PT - Patrick Troughton; JP - Jon Pertwee; TB - Tom Baker; PD - Peter Davison; CB - Colin Baker; SM - Sylvester McCoy); **Y** - Year of story's first transmission; **S** - Season in which story was transmitted. Due to the new format of the survey, no direct comparison with previous polls is possible. A summary of previous polls can be found in the DWB Compendium.

CREATING THE MYTH

Thirty Years ago…

In the week that DOCTOR WHO first went on air… Saturday night television was disrupted that night by news coverage of Kennedy's death.

An Unearthly Child was followed by THE TELEGOONS and JUKE BOX JURY, with Sid James and Cilla Black, ubiquitous even then. DIXON OF DOCK GREEN was followed by the American import WELLS FARGO and a John Wayne film, before an unsuccessful COMEDY PLAYHOUSE, written by a young Jack Rosenthal led into one of the most unusual comedy programmes ever shown — the almost laughless edition of THAT WAS THE WEEK THAT WAS paying tribute to John F. Kennedy. *Radio Times* notes that 'no ticket applications can be considered for this show.' A month later, it would be axed at the height of its popularity, lest it offend the politicians in election year.

On Sunday night, THE BILLY COTTON BAND SHOW, produced by Michael Hurll, the 'genius' behind Noel Edmonds' Saturday evening programmes, led into first PERRY MASON and then FIRST NIGHT, Sydney Newman's unsuccessful first attempt to repeat his earlier success with ARMCHAIR THEATRE at the BBC — he was to have more success with THE WEDNESDAY PLAY. The landmark arts show MONITOR closed the evening with a profile of Thomas Hardy by poet-laureate-to-be (and father of Daniel) Cecil Day Lewis, but highlight of the night was surely the return of Kenneth Horne and BEYOND OUR KEN to the Light Programme!

Monday brought less of interest — wildlife documentaries, ballroom dancing and more American imports — and, of course, POINTS OF VIEW. But on Tuesday BENNY HILL followed a classic episode of MAIGRET, *The Judge's House*. And before that? Morris Barry produced and directed Peter Ling's COMPACT, followed by a performance by the Soviet State Circus — including the Georgian State Dancers, who'd inspired Terry Nation to create the creatures which had gone before the camera for the first time on the preceding Friday.

Wednesday night was, even then, sportsnight, but only for twenty five minutes, before the mould breaking Z CARS took to the air at 8.10pm. Following the news (only ten minutes then — John Birt would not approve…) was a performance of Ionesco's *The Bald Prima Donna*, introduced by the author with music by Norman Kay, whose score for *An Unearthly Child* had hit the air the previous Saturday. After which, came the European Football — some things don't change.

On Thursday, DR KILDARE was followed by the surrealist comedy of Michael Bentine's IT'S A SQUARE WORLD, and the immortal THIS IS YOUR LIFE, still some way off its departure for ITV. And on Friday, HARRY WORTH led into DR FINLAY'S CASEBOOK. After which Saturday came round again, offering an unscheduled repeat for *An Unearthly Child*.

DOCTOR WHO can really hold its head high amongst that lot, even though what little drama there was consists either of genuine classics, and television immortals which have returned to the screen again and again. How much of the sea of drama with which WHO must now compete will be as well remembered in thirty years?

In 1993, DOCTOR WHO is on the front cover of *Radio Times* for the first time in ten years…and BBC2 holding a Kennedy season. All in all, it seems a tribute to the staying power of a series which offers something for everyone — or at least, one that's got seven thirteenths of the way… Over the next 15 pages, eight writers explain, personally and sometimes provocatively, why a certain era appeals to them...

ONCE something is an established success, taking up the reins is *comparatively* easy — it's the getting started that's hard. It's a little like Roger Moore becoming Bond; the formula was there, all he had to do was follow a pre-determined course in order for his tenure to be a success.

Likewise, DOCTOR WHO has been very much a case of handing on the winning baton down through the years. So much so that it has become all too easy to overlook quite how difficult it must have been to establish the show so firmly in the nation's consciousness in the first place.

At its most basic, the DOCTOR WHO formula appears to be very straight forward.

Mysterious alien travels trough time and space with human companions — action, adventure, human interest, suspense.

As correct as that reading of the format is, it's misleading to try and distill down the show's essence into a single sentence. It would be like describing a London Bus to a visiting alien as "large and red".

82.11%	THE DALEKS' MASTER PLAN
81.46%	The Tenth Planet
79.80%	The Daleks
79.44%	The Aztecs
79.33%	Marco Polo
74.10%	The Crusade
73.33%	The Celestial Toymaker
68.33%	Mission to the Unknown
67.84 %	The War Machines
67.73%	An Unearthly Child
65.80%	The Dalek Invasion of Earth
65.67%	The Massacre
64.67%	Galaxy Four
64.56%	The Keys of Marinus
62.94%	The Reign of Terror
59.24%	The Chase
59.00%	The Myth Makers
58.57%	The Savages
58.32%	The Ark
58.27%	The Edge of Destruction
58.05%	The Romans
57.29%	The Time Meddler
57.10%	The Rescue
56.28%	Planet of Giants
54.36%	The Sensorites
52.90%	The Smugglers
51.60%	The Gunfighters
50.09%	The Space Museum
47.40%	The Web Planet

You'd be right, but for your alien to properly comprehend, you would also need to explain its role as a part of a unified public transport network. In just the same manner, the best way to understand the form and structure of DOCTOR WHO is to make close study of its nature. And of course the only sensible place to start is at the beginning with William Hartnell's first appointment with the audience.

The opening episode of any TV series is possibly its most important. If it fails to entertain, intrigue, amuse or excite, it probably won't entice its viewers back for the next edition. *An Unearthly Child*, DOCTOR WHO's first encounter with the public, paved the way for a long and popular series, and the episode is still highly regarded, standing out as one of the show's landmark instalments. Waris Hussein, the story's director, employed his not inconsiderable skills to fashion a programme, which when judged against its contemporaries, was very sophisticated production. Just take a look at most of the early AVENGERS episodes to see how rudimentary the overall style was of even the top-rated shows of the time.

An Unearthly Child employs a great number of televisual techniques to achieve its atmosphere of beguiling mystery. None are startlingly new, but it is their combination and application that makes the episode the convincing and coherent sum of its parts. From the opening scene, the viewer is given a sense of the mystery that is to follow. This first sequence combines an immediately recognisable group of signifiers that connote mystery and build suspense. Heavy fog, the distant tolling of a bell, the ungodly hour (the bell strikes four), the wary policeman, and the strange juxtaposition of a police box in a totter's yard build one upon the other to form an atmosphere of intrigue.

The viewer is then given a set of reassuring images of a very conventional looking school and its inhabitants. This places the action in a recognisable here-and-now which enables the audience to identify the unfolding events as "real" rather than as a fantasy. School teachers discussing a problem child again reinforces the normality of the setting, but it soon becomes clear from the dialogue that the teachers, Ian and Barbara, are discussing the Unearthly Child of the episode's title. If professional teachers "don't know what to make of it", then what should the audience expect?

When we finally get to see the Unearthly Child, she is a very normal looking fifteen year old with an interest in pop music. Our expectations are confounded — she is not what the teachers had led us to anticipate. However, she refuses a lift home as she likes "walking through the dark…it's mysterious." The use of sinister music — sustained cello notes — and a lingering camera shot build upon this statement to reinforce the suspicions of the teachers. Susan is now clearly labelled as different.

To reinforce still further that Susan is in some way "unearthly", we are presented with a series of flashbacks that illustrate her unworldliness. She is shown as being brilliant at science but totally ignorant of the currency she should have to use on a daily basis, and Susan's desperate explanations of her knowledge, or lack of it, are shot to camera so as to place the viewer in the role of the teacher, further involving us in the mystery that surrounds this superficially normal girl. Her teachers are then given the task of solving the mystery of their pupil, fulfilling the demands of our curiosity, so that within the episode, Ian and Barbara become our eyes and ears,

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and ask our questions for us; they become our representatives.

The junk yard, already established as being significant by its inclusion in the opening shot, is then revealed in all its detail. The non-diagetic sound of the cellos is again employed, both serving to link Susan to the setting and also signalling the mysterious nature of the Yard. We are drawn round the piles of junk, our expectation building, until we are finally reacquainted with the strangely placed police box. Ian places his hand on the box and exclaims "It's alive!", affirming our suspicions that it is not what it seems.

The confused, and increasingly worried teachers are shown in stark contrast to the smug, smiling and confident Doctor. His clothes and high-handed manner obviously make him out of place in the shabby setting of the junk yard, but his possession of a key for the Police Box singles him out as the potential resolution to the building mystery.

Up until this point, the lighting in every scene has been very low-key, suggesting a cold, damp January. All the exterior settings are after sunset and the interiors demonstrate a similarly cheerless appearance. The TARDIS interior is in sharp opposition to this, being starkly flooded with light. This emphasises its futuristic feel—a bright new technology contrasting with the flat grey reality of everyday life. The viewers, through Ian and Barbara, have stepped out of reality into the new world inhabited by DOCTOR WHO;a world of time and space travel.

The accepted formality of camera angles and representational images is then disposed with, further destroying the link between the old and new worlds experienced by the teachers. The use of video feedback, employed in the creation of the programme's opening titles, interspersed and superimposed over shots of the TARDIS interior and its crew, is the final step out of reality and into the fantastic. The pull-back from a photograph of London, out into the blackness of space, confirms that we are travelling away from the predictable setting of city life, out into the unknown. More non-diagetic sound, in the form of dramatic drum rolls, is employed to further heighten the drama.

The closing shots of our representatives, Ian and Barbara, unconscious in a new and unknown place and threatened by a menacing shadow, provides as good an episode climax as could be hoped for. There is the faceless enemy without and the mysterious enemy within in the form of the Doctor. Where are the teachers and what will happen to them next? As a viewer of a weekly series you could do nothing but wait in hope for the resolution of these questions, and it is probably this unfolding mystery that, at its best, made the series as compulsive as it was. In DOCTOR WHO you get twice the suspense: not just "what next?", but also "where next?", and in *An Unearthly Child* you have the epitome of both these questions.

Characterisation is the final format ingredient, and the overall key to an understanding of *An Unearthly Child*. The characters of Ian and Barbara are easily accessible stereotypes, whose motivations and reactions are as transparent as they are believable. It is quite clear that they exist as an identification point for the older members of the audience. The Doctor, on the other hand, is an aloof, superior and stand-offish enigma who demands little sympathy from the viewers (although this was to change by the end of the first season). Bridging the gap between the teachers and their captor is Susan, who embodies something of both sides. It is through her mix of normality and the mysterious that we get to see something of the Doctor's motivations, and Susan's dialogue with her teachers inside the TARDIS provides us with our explanations of the unfolding events. It is not until *The Daleks*, still five weeks away, that the show's audience is given a substantial first-hand insight into the character and motivations of the show's leading protagonist, whereas *An Unearthly Child* creates far more mystery about the Doctor and his grand-daughter than it explains.

As first episodes go, there can be few so famous or so popular as DOCTOR WHO's, and no small amount of this is due to the skill of its director in creating such a precise atmosphere. Waris Hussein was of course to work on the series again, but with *An Unearthly Child* he contributed sizably to the successful launch of a television legend.

The Hartnell Doctor stands uneasily alone when grouped with his successors. Old, frail, and often very cynical (at least in his first season), it is hard to imagine this man as being in possession of other hidden traits that are only realisable after a physical transformation. His strength of character becomes so well established so quickly that it is often possible to second guess our hero ahead of his actions, even before he's landed back in Napoleon's France. It might be possible to make similar claims about later Doctors, but many of them — especially the more recent ones — relied on formula or caricature for part of their motivation. Not so Hartnell. His rendition of the role stands alone, not just as the Doctor, but in the wider sphere of TV in general. How many other popular heroes can you list that are dogged old men with a spiteful tongue and a quick temper? (There's one obvious such example, but it took another thirty years for Victor Meldrew to come along). That's not to say that he lacked charm or humour, but these traits alone would have left him as a very dull person. It's his propensity to stamp in indignant rage in the face of evil or stupidity that propels Doctor number one.

There is also a powerful unity through much of this period of the show. Seasons one and two develop the leading characters to a very intimate level, bonding a team that worked as friends and displayed the humanity of their interdependence. Whilst I'll admit that Vicki was not a winner — and I might want to mention Dodo in the same breath — I have little trouble with the character of Steven, unlike many others. Given good dialogue, as in *The Time Meddler*, he proved himself to be a likable person with a pleasingly volatile temper— a match even for the Doctor? Any faults with the stranded astronaut seem more to do with the confines of studio bound stories which limited the level of action the show's action hero was allowed, rather than the actual portrayal of Peter Purves.

And then comes a period of transition. A middle stretch of aimless wandering as the show started to map new territory. It was in fact fairly brief, but from *The Myth Makers* up to, and including *The Savages*, DOCTOR WHO seemed to drift. Not that it was all bad, but there seemed little direction in the mix of whimsy (what Gerry Davis later called "camp") drama, and space opera. There also seemed little proper weighting between stories, giving the impression of lots of small adventures hanging from the rim of *The Daleks' Master Plan*. And then it was all change again. The Lloyd/Davis axis got their feet firmly under the table.

The War Machines may not seem so revolutionary by today's standards, but that's probably because we've all seen season seven. Instead, let's put it in context. After three years travel the TARDIS lands back in contemporary London for the first time since *An Unearthly Child*. Other Doctors seemed to have virtually lived there, but Hartnell was a citizen of the galaxy, and that's where he travelled, at least up until this point. However, using "reality", rather than a studio set to represent an alien world helped move DOCTOR WHO towards a new, harder presentation. In effect, the last three Hartnell stories demonstrated more grit and less camp, returning to something of the feel of the programme's beginnings whilst also making use of a broader, or more universal human canvas.

So just why do I like the Hartnell era so much? Well... it demonstrated a charm and unity that made it a unique television package. It was also wildly inventive — no other Doctor lived such an exotic life — and from this invention flowed many of the ingredients that were still being used right up until the end. It regularly transcended its budget and the technical limitations of its day, and in so doing produced such gems as *The Aztecs*, *The Crusade*, *The Tenth Planet* and *The Daleks*. These unquestionable high points still stand out as some of the show's best work, a remarkable testimony to those that worked on the series in its early days.

Forget colour, ignore bigger budgets and flashy special effects. DOCTOR WHO is always about humanity and well wrought drama when it produces its best work. William Hartnell reigned over a period that produced both of these ingredients in abundance, so I would recommend to anyone that they "go look again, but with fresh eyes". You'll not be disappointed.

Anthony Clark

ALL IN THE MIND

IT'S FUNNY. My favourite era of DOCTOR WHO is one I'll probably never see. An outrageous statement I know, but I can justify it to my own satisfaction, on the strength of the soundtracks, the books, Patrick Troughton's surviving performances... Together they form a critical mass of evidence which allows the imagination to run wild. And as DOCTOR WHO is supposed to be about imagination, about suspension of disbelief, that makes my *imagined* Troughton era as real as anyone else's...

You see, it's likely that the Troughton era is always going to be different to the others. The fans of the future (and I'm assuming here that WHO has become something like Sherlock Holmes, which has continued to survive even though there's been no additions to the 'true canon' for fifty years) will be able to see a majority of stories from every other period. But even now, those who've actually seen seasons four and five are a small minority of fandom (about 10%, to judge by the series survey), and even then, their memories have arguably been tainted by imagination.

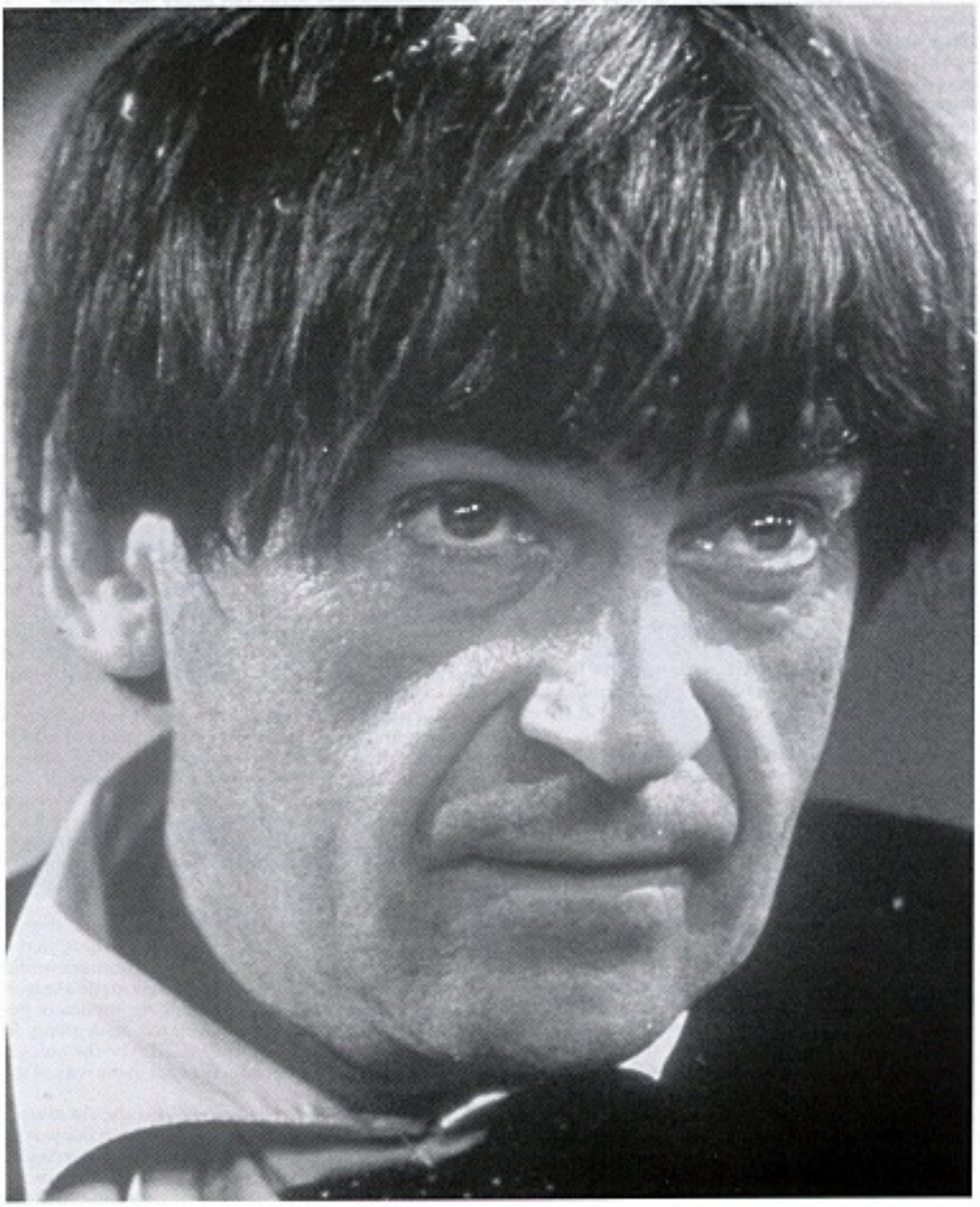
Personally, I belong to what I suspect is the largest single 'vintage' of fandom. I can just about remember Jon Pertwee from first time round (my earliest memory of the series is the Doctor's extermination in *Planet of the Daleks 2*, coming round again tomorrow as I type this, which left me believing for years that the Daleks couldn't kill Time Lords...) — not clearly, but well enough to know that there was more to the Doctor than just Tom Baker's incarnation, and be fascinated by the Doctors of 'prehistory'. I first joined the DWAS at the proverbial age of 14, introduced to it by one of the five strong coterie of book collecting fans in my class, who in earlier years would search for rare volumes such as *Planet of the Spiders* on each other's behalfs'. And I became a FAN, in capital letters, in 1981, as the excitement over Tom Baker's departure and the prospect of a new Doctor coincided with the period when the Matrix Data Bank had to use 6 point to cram in all the unpublished information it had to reveal each month, and when the vaults were opened for the first time. For five weeks each Monday night would bring a new Doctor, followed up by THE ADVENTURE GAME and BLAKE'S 7 (season four, but the *good* ones from season four) with only the half hour gap for ANGELS in which to do homework. And when those five weeks ended, I had no doubt which had been the best story. It wasn't *An Unearthly Child*, or *Logopolis*, or *The Three Doctors*, or even *Carnival of Monsters*. It was ***The Krotons***...

It's sobering to remember how little coverage the series' early years got back in those days. Now, scene by scene photos from story after story have seen print, almost the entire saga is available in print, DWM has archived many stories several times over, and entire seasons are available on video. But while Target rushed *An Unearthly Child* into the bookshops in preparation for this unprecedented repeat season, *The Krotons* hadn't even made Doctor Who Monthly's archives. There'd never been a Kroton photo published, at least so far as I knew. I knew nothing more about it than the little that The *Making of Doctor Who* revealed:

'The Krotons are monsters waiting in suspended animation until they have drained enough mental energy from the Gonds' brains to be reanimated. Each year the two most brilliant Gonds are lured into the Kroton Machine. Zoe and the Doctor take the Teaching Machine test and their mental power reanimates the Krotons. The Doctor discovers the Krotons' life system is based on tellurium. He destroys them with acid.'

Put like that, all DOCTOR WHO is here. Dormant monsters, draining life from human victims. The

93.75%	THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS
93.23%	The Web of Fear
85.69%	The Power of the Daleks
84.88%	The Tomb of the Cybermen
84.56%	Fury from the Deep
84.33%	The Abominable Snowmen
80.94%	The Ice Warriors
80.84%	The Invasion
77.04%	The Moonbase
71.25%	The War Games
71.20%	The Macra Terror
69.41%	The Faceless Ones
67.46%	The Wheel in Space
67.18%	The Mind Robber
64.91%	The Seeds of Death
61.23%	The Enemy of the World
60.00%	The Highlanders
47.67%	The Krotons
46.55%	The Dominators
43.28%	The Space Pirates
42.33%	The Underwater Menace



© Topham

Patrick Troughton

© BBC Video

Doctor, more than human, providing a rogue element which brings the situation to a head — only to save the innocent through his brilliance, and his knowledge of a point of basic science... And all the details, and most importantly **the monsters** remained a mystery, allowing my imagination to see them lurking round every corner, to wonder when they'd finally appear in all their glory...

I should have been disappointed by a story nowadays almost universally dismissed as a cheap, tacky filler, rushed into production to keep a series running out of steam on the air. I can see its faults now. The Krotons are unconvincing, neither Jamie nor Zoe are particular favourites of mine, Eelek is the only Gond to have a character, and almost the only one to be played by an actor. But none of that matters — the black and white photography (particularly the film work) contributes to an eerie atmosphere akin to the best of the Universal horror films, and the whole thing entranced me. *The Krotons* epitomises 'suspension of disbelief' for me — and the lynchpin of that suspension is Patrick Troughton's performance.

So far as I'm concerned, no other actor has portrayed the Doctor as completely as Troughton. Others have emphasised different aspects to him, swinging violently between the Doctor's many contradictory attitudes (Tom Baker in the Williams period comes instantly to mind) but none have managed to integrate them so naturally into one character, expressing them in such a way that every 'face' is there whichever the Doctor is wearing at the time. I can imagine how Troughton played every scene I've heard on soundtrack — but when I finally saw *Tomb* I found that his face frequently contradicted his voice, bringing an extra level to the scene without any resultant clash. The Troughton Doctor is many things, and yet still one. He's all thirteen of him in microcosm — the real McCoy. It's no coincidence that so many of the later Doctors have quoted him as their ideal.

I suppose that's partly because it was in the Troughton era that much of what we know as the Doctor was established. Hartnell's Doctor established the ground rules, quite brilliantly, but he's always seemed to me every bit as different to the 'middle' Doctors as is Sylvester McCoy's (perhaps that's why the fans who grew up with him remain so dedicated, while the video generation seems reluctant to warm to him). He was quite definitely the caterpillar from which the butterfly of the Doctor emerged at the end of *The Tenth Planet*.

Similarly, the pattern for the next twenty years of the series was established over seasons five and six. The glorious experimentation of the Hartnell years might have been gone, but the series which emerged here latched onto some of the viewers' most basic instincts, demanding their co-operation.

It was here that the basic morality of the series was defined. In Doctor Who, might isn't right, and it was here that the Doctor's refusal to carry a weapon became codified and set in stone. Throughout the Troughton era guns are useless. The heroes cannot use them to defend themselves — they only ever cause more trouble, at best solving one problem only to create complacency which allows another to develop. Indeed, guns have so little relevance to any solution the Doctor might consider that he ignores their existence so completely that he even locks Klieg and Kaftan in a room containing one!

Of course, every Doctor has professed to be a pacifist, but the purity of that pacifism has often been severely limited. From Pertwee onwards, every Doctor has been effective in hand-to-hand combat once forced into it — Troughton, though capable of 'surprising strength' (Thank you, Terrance Dicks) on occasion, always comes off the worse in a fight, though his encounter with the Karkus is about the only one I can remember. And while most other Doctors would stand by tutting disapproval as associates from Sara Kingdom through UNIT and Leela to Ace and the Hand of Omega took care of his opponents, Troughton makes do with far gentler companions. Jamie carries a knife, true, but can you think of a single occasion when he actually uses it on someone (*The Two Doctors* doesn't count here)? He and Zoe may be the Doctor's muscle, but they use that muscle merely to restrain, preventing attacks on others, in a manner which leaves their opponents unharmed, unless they happen to stumble into their subordinates' line of fire.

But most of all, the Troughton era is about imagination. It's an era in which things lurk round corners, in the shadows, behind the walls. As Darren McGavin commented about Kolchak, the monster that taps in the door and isn't there when you open it, only to restart knocking once you close it again it is the most frightening there is. Troughton's monsters are always there — watching, waiting. You know they can get you (that is, the Doctor and his friends) if they want to, and therefore live in *continual* terror. Sometimes, as in *The Web of Fear, Fury from the Deep* and *The Moonbase*, they actually prove this by coming in, taking those they want and *going away again* — a double whammy. They could have got you, and they didn't — which means they didn't see the point. Because they know you're no threat to them. Now that's frightening.

But just because the formula for the next twenty years was being honed to perfection didn't mean that arterio-sclerosis had set in, preventing a variety of content. *The Mind Robber* is the best example of this, of how wide-ranging the series can be, not only from story to story, but within a serial. In episode one, the 'fear of the unknown' is taken to its limits. The Doctor and his friends land in a place where it isn't even safe to look outside the TARDIS doors. And what is this fearful thing outside? Nothing. Nothing but the imagination.

And then, after one of the most chilling episodes ever screened, the TARDIS shatters and the Doctor is flung into a delightful escapade appealing, like the Narnia books, directly to the child within us, no matter what our age. In *The Making of Doctor Who*, I read of the Doctor seeking refuge amongst the fictional characters in the roof of the Master's citadel. I imagined a magical sequence as he seeks comfort from characters painted on the fabric of the ceiling, like wall paintings in a child's nursery. The onscreen reality proved more parochial, but just as atmospheric. Both versions live happily in my mind, combining, like Troughton's multi-layered portrayal to produce something greater than the sum of its parts... From the surviving stories, only *the Dominators* has proved disappointing to me. The others might not be perfect, and they might not be what I imagined — but they still work for me...

This probably all seems very weak. The argument's almost circular — why is the Troughton era good? Because my imagination makes it so. Why does it stimulate my imagination? Because it's good! But then it's always been easy to describe what's wrong with something, and difficulty to explain what's right. That's why criticism is common, and art rare. But though I can't really explain why, the Troughton era is, for me, the foundation of all that Doctor Who was, is, and should be.

Only the foundation though. The series should continue to build on that basis, and I'm sure that a straightforward recreation of the Troughton era would disappoint me now. Indeed, when they made a season of traditional Who, with rampaging monsters besieging enclosed bases and isolated settlements in 1984, I was less than enthralled. Maybe the colour, the gloss, the upfront production got in the way of the imagination.

Because that's what Doctor Who should always be about. And it's because the Troughton era was so steeped in it that it was the era best able to survive its own destruction, to live on in our imaginations.

Anthony Brown

83.11%	Doctor Who & the Silurians
82.90%	Inferno
79.41%	Spearhead from Space
77.62%	The Daemons
75.89%	The Green Death
74.19%	Terror of the Autons
73.99%	The Curse of Peladon
73.34%	The Three Doctors
71.61%	The Sea Devils
71.21%	The Mind of Evil
71.12%	Carnival of Monsters
71.01%	The Ambassadors of Death
69.11%	Frontier in Space
68.90%	The Time Warrior
67.26%	Invasion of the Dinosaurs
67.13%	Planet of the Spiders
63.89%	Day of the Daleks
61.12%	Planet of the Daleks
59.73%	The Monster of Peladon
57.61%	Colony in Space
55.41%	Death to the Daleks
55.22%	The Claws of Axos
54.51%	The Time Monster
53.83%	The Mutants

JON PERTWEE was my first Doctor and as a child I came to some pretty odd conclusions about him. Obviously he was a human scientist who worked for UNIT and had invented a time machine. This sort of daft logic typifies childhood, but don't knock it, I used it and here I am today. I used to sit staring at the picture of his laboratory on the cover of the 1973 Annual; what was that fuzzy grey cupboard on the left? Fortunately Nottingham had a Police box, a rather drab prefab affair, and so the TARDIS's appearance was explained to me. Discovering the name was an acronym for Time And Relative Dimensions In Space was a joyous revelation. This probably occurred one out of season Saturday when the test match was rained off and the *Doctor Who And the Daleks* movie was hastily put on as a stop gap. I already minded that the music wasn't properly scary but the Amicus romp held my interest well enough. Peter Cushing's interpretation of the Doctor informed my notion of Hartnell's and my reading of the first three Target paperbacks was with Cushing in the role. Then came *The Three Doctors* and just who the hell was Patrick Troughton? I didn't like him much, he argued with Pertwee, sulked and played the recorder badly. However I was sufficiently impressed with his paisley silk hanky in the Radio Times publicity photos to receive several coloured, but wrong, handkerchiefs for Christmas. My emulation of the Doctor also meant my mother was pressed into producing a pint-sized cape and frilly shirt for a fancy dress party which thereafter I wore at every opportunity, after all at a stroke it could become a vampire cape for a game of 'Dracula'.

The Doctor Who 10th Anniversary Special was like a bolt from the blue. Like Tommy with the Metebelis crystal, suddenly my knowledge of Doctor Who increased tenfold, I was now an expert. Not only were there pictures of the stories that were now fading in my memory but a whole past I had never suspected. Stories with intriguing names like *The Steel Sky* and *The Roof of the World*. I also had to radically update my image of Doctor Who and the colourful artwork across pages 6&7 was the best way I could visualise the concept of regeneration. I

WHEN PERTWEE WAS GOD

really think I understood the Holy Trinity better by considering it in terms of the Doctor. Troughton's childishness made him obviously the Son, Hartnell confined in his ethereal prism was the Holy Ghost and Pertwee playing patriarch to both was God. There was no doubt in my mind that Pertwee was the genuine article, the others precursors, only important in defeating Omega. Child-logic again.

As a boy, adventure formed the roughage of my diet of fiction and DOCTOR WHO provided it in a very direct form. I could step from the TARDIS onto Spiridon, Metebelis, Draconia, Peladon or Exxilon (what evocative names planets had back then), or Earth would be under threat from a new alien menace. Unlike the baddies of Westerns or Detective series DOCTOR WHO's foes were obviously exotic, at once repulsive but visually fascinating and great fun to mimic. Daleks, Gelguards, maggots, Ogrons, Seas Devils, Ice Warriors, the tittersome Alpha Centauri, Draconians, Drashigs and dear old Aggedor; Those years were truly a Carnival Of Monsters. I would spend the Summer holidays manufacturing replicas; some black pipe cleaners became a giant spider, a Ski yoghurt pot a Dalek. I was never allowed to slice up the hoover to make Alpha Centauri. Plenty of boxes from the GEM supermarket, black paint and halved polystyrene balls achieved a rather squarish Dalek and did my parents ever notice the garden nets went to become a Sea Devil?

Strangely Pertwee's 'man of action' routine mattered little to me. Although I'd have liked to try Venusian Aikido out on my schoolmates, it was his status as an academic who authority listened to that appealed to me. No patronised boffin he. I wished for a profession when I grew up that would allow me to be cerebral yet have the respect of the high and mighty (how wrong I was on that score!). Gadgets, on the other hand, fascinated me. Particularly the Sonic Screwdriver; in this era a combination of soldering iron, welding torch, riveter, hypnotic aid, detonator and all purpose magic key. I already had a liking for veteran cars thanks to Gerry Anderson's THE SECRET SERVICE so Bessie immediately became an object of my desire. Everyday cars seemed bland and featureless in comparison (and still do!) and I vowed to own a Bessie when I was older. As yet I've still to own a vehicle of any description. Secretly I'd still like a roadster — forget Jo and Sarah Jane, my first love was called Bessie and was a personality in her own right.

DOCTOR WHO also fed my mind — what now seems like a tired science fiction concept excited my nine year old imagination back then. A trite moral ending resounded with thoughtful meaning. Somehow despite being classified as a children's programme DOCTOR WHO was also lumped in with serious science fiction, the Heinleins and Asimovs. A snobbish dismissal by adult critics perhaps, but my Target paperbacks boasted of the show's 1974 Writers Guild Award for the best British children's original drama script, so it had to be high-brow stuff. I puzzled over the Master, what was his relationship to the Doctor? Yet more child-logic was called for. Brothers I decided — I had two and we fought all the time. I also learnt to regret Jo's leaving, the end of *The Green Death* summoning up a rather adult feeling of an era passing in me.

I was never properly introduced to Sarah Jane since my parents didn't approve of DOCTOR WHO and wouldn't pay for such a frivolous expense as the Radio Times, so they could keep stuum about the programme being back on the air. But on what I assume was a wet and windy Saturday I bumped into *Death to the Daleks* and was hooked once again. I was impressed by the city's puzzles and developed a penchant for codes and liar's dilemmas. Then there was a welcome return to Peladon, scene of my first properly viewed story. And back to Earth for a truckload of ideas; meditation, psychics, Jo's blue crystal, other Timelords, an amazing chase and of course SPIDERS! Then came something I didn't expect. The Doctor winning by dying himself. So this was regeneration — it seemed an ignoble fate. My boyhood hero lay on his own laboratory floor changing into somebody else. To further confuse me there was the *Seven Keys to Doomsday* stage play which I demanded to be taken to, IRA bomb threats or no. Although I remember little of the performance the initial sequence sticks in my mind — so, the Doctor was to become Trevor Martin. The *Planet of the Spiders book cover seemed* to offer the solace of continuity — in the corner was another illustration so like the one in the Radio Times Special, but who was the Doctor turning into?

Many years later I got into fandom. I remember catching a glimpse of the Pertwee era at one of the first cons I attended (a DwasSocial I think). A first showing of recently recovered black and white episodes was the centrepiece, but in a break between panels the video screens suddenly came alive and there it was, a colour title sequence, the Doctor collapsing onto an MFI bed — it was *Planet of the Daleks* in all its gory glory! As suddenly as it started the vision vanished, the screens went blank, and when I looked over to the video desk the geek there looked like he had no idea of the passions he had aroused while cueing the machines up. This was my introduction to one of the most frustrating aspects of mid-eighties fandom. Video recorders were selling like hot-cakes but vintage WHO appeared to be in the hands of a small elite. It was a world away from today where I can saunter down to Woolworths and nonchalantly buy *The Silurians*. Serious money could change hands, and 'quality' was all important as copying often turned the picture into grainy sludge and the sound into a static haze. As a novice fan I felt excluded from the chains of 'contacts' and repulsed by the thinly veiled exploitation, so different from the bonhomie of fanzines, although sometimes the people were the same. I wanted to throw the moneychangers out of my childhood temple and yet I was desperate to watch the show.

One thing fandom can teach is patience and slowly the trickle of official releases grew to the current torrent. The first true Pertwee release was *Day of the Daleks* but it was *Death to the Daleks* which received the first serious promotion Enterprises had given a DOCTOR WHO tape. Well do I remember cooler-than-thou fans being reduced to the level of giggling schoolgirls when Jon Pertwee did a signing at the Oxford Street Virgin Megastore. And me? I couldn't face him, my primary school role model couldn't become thinning, florid flesh and blood, and I retreated to the Tavern for a steadying cider.

Opinion within early Eighties fandom was positive towards the Pertwee Era — DOCTOR WHO's low points were confined to *The Gunfighters* and *Horns of Nimon* according to the Hairing gospel, *The Dæmons* was a heavyweight poll winner back then and there are still some today who believe Barry Letts' output to be without flaw, an unbroken chain of quality drama. However the cold light of day came as videos revealed Jon Pertwee stories to fan writers, and they relayed to our disbelief that they were cartoonish, derivative, unoriginal or worst of all just plain silly. I remember a sense of shock at a review of *The Three Doctors*. I couldn't believe that my memory of an exciting, exotic adventure based on cutting edge

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metaphysics concepts could prove to be such shallow, hack drama but there it was, the charges were undeniable. The shift of fandom's consensus opinion produced a new fan stance; while the Third Doctor's era might be of variable worth, Season Seven stood out as gritty drama, with a hard hitting UNIT team and an enigmatic Doctor. The Seventh Season became Pertwee's saving grace as the harsh spotlight of fanzine criticism fell on his years as the Doctor. Yet such a feeling of affection still pervades even the staunchest critic that only recently have we been able to laugh openly at old Jon through the distorting mirror of *Perigosto Stick*, and even with that laughter we still love the old bugger.

Season Seven, of course is only distinguished by its recycling of the themes of QUATERMASS and a certain industrial starkness. That *Ambassadors* was a reject Troughton story speaks for itself, *Spearhead* is yet another alien invasion story, *Silurians* a bland morality play, and *Inferno only saved from its* own banality by the wonderful fluke of a hastily added alternate Earth scenario. In short the Seventh Season is glum. Its appeal to fans lies in a certain macho safety — the embarrassing characters of later years are absent but so also are their warmth and diversity. It's the Miss Hawthorne factor — whether you love her like I do or cringe at her every line *Daemons* has a bold, risky aspect; skating just this side of camp in a way that shows up Season Seven, for all its recent restoration, as colourless.

It's with Pertwee's later stories that my true affections lie, as the themes of outerspace make a welcome reintroduction. To me Season Ten feels like the real DOCTOR WHO — the Earth based stories provided a homely counterpoint to Troughton's spacey bias, made virtue out of a necessity and brought figurative Yetis to Tooting Bec, but the TARDIS provides the random element necessary for a full mix of wide eyed adventure. I don't care that it's just another quarry again when Jon steps out those blue doors, sniffs the air and pronounces that we're not on Earth, I believe him.

Well here I am, twenty nine years old and still very much under the spell of the Pertwee era. I watched *The Curse of Peladon* this weekend and felt a simple, unadulterated pleasure. Simplicity characterises Barry Letts' and Terrance Dicks' era of the programme. Although they were obviously aware of what had been done in the Sixties, under Letts and Dicks the programme's approach was still remarkably unself-conscious. A few years later, and Tom Baker would be dropping in-jokes in Holmes' pastiches of film noir, even before Graham Williams.

It's as if the BBC briefly modelled itself on the Ford works at Dagenham. A no-nonsense attitude was reflected by directors as far apart as Douglas Camfield and Lennie Mayne on set and location. As television professionals, getting a working product on screen was the primary motivation, and any notion of art came a poor second. This often resulted in inconsistencies where the logic of screenplay action overruled character motivation, even common sense, perhaps most famously in *Planet of the Spiders*. If Lupton could teleport away why didn't he leave at any time in the long chase that is Episode Two? Yet in televisual terms the empty hovercraft is an excellent surprise cliff-hanger.

A similar forgiving instinct in me filters out Jon Pertwee's excesses, the Hai!s, hyperdrive and hyperbole. DOCTOR WHO in the early Seventies kept step with the mood of the times with a lazy, arrogant optimism, so out of step with nineties correctness, and this is reflected in its lead actor. Jon's favourite publicity sound-bite, 'I am the Doctor', matched the tone of 'Buy British' and 'Save It'; firm, yet expressing insecurity by their very statement. Jon Pertwee has a wonderfully sonorous voice which he uses erratically, yet his delivery - whether perfunctory or inspired - is always naively confident and expressive. His voice at once reassures and reveals the soul beneath. It's this heady brew of charisma and compromise that is so at odds with 'get real' Nineties Britain and yet it intoxicates even the most hardened Pertwee basher. As the Sea Devils rise from the sea, as Azal fills the screen we forget the inconsistencies, the cyphers and the blatant errors, and share in a terror that does not know despair. Thanks Jon.

Allan Toombs

91.48%	PYRAMIDS OF MARS
90.95%	The Talons of Weng-Chiang
90.71%	Genesis of the Daleks
87.15%	The Robots of Death
86.06%	The Deadly Assassin
85.59%	The Seeds of Doom
83.65%	City of Death
81.65%	The Ark in Space
80.04%	Logopolis
79.89%	The Keeper of Traken
79.35%	Terror of the Zygons
77.65%	The Brain of Morbius
77.15%	The Masque of Mandragora
74.83%	Horror of Fang Rock
73.68%	Planet of Evil
72.60%	Image of the Fendahl
72.60%	The Stones of Blood
70.35%	The Hand of Fear
70.02%	State of Decay
69.89%	Warriors' Gate
68.57%	The Android Invasion
67.28%	The Sontaran Experiment
67.23%	Full Circle
66.62%	The Ribos Operation
65.70%	The Leisure Hive
65.67%	The Face of Evil
64.26%	Destiny of the Daleks
64.21%	Robot
64.14%	The Pirate Planet
63.72%	The Sun Makers
63.40%	The Invasion of Time
61.97%	Shada
61.94%	The Androids of Tara
60.69%	Revenge of the Cybermen
58.31%	The Armageddon Factor
53.70%	The Invisible Enemy
51.55%	Meglos
51.19%	The Power of Kroll
50.83%	The Creature from the Pit
50.14%	Nightmare of Eden
41.66%	The Horns of Nimon
39.72%	Underworld

I FORGET which elderly SF writer's memoirs I read it in. It could have been Isaac Asimov or Frederick Pohl who commented on the tendency of fans of the genre to argue for hours about when the true "Golden Age" of SF was. The '20s, '30s, '40s and '50s would do battle, each with its strengths and weaknesses. The conclusion that whoever the writer was came to is that the "Golden Age" of SF was **when you were 14.** I have a good deal of sympathy for this view. The nominal 14-year-old will be sufficiently sophisticated to appreciate the intricacies and subtlety of the science, whilst still (hopefully) young and impressionable enough to submerge himself in the story's situations without worrying about GCSEs, acne, work, or the wife's appointment at the hairdressers.

Luckily, I think there have been a number of golden ages for DOCTOR WHO. In fact, I think we're in one now, but that's another perhaps too controversial an issue to pursue here. But, regardless of how old I was at the time, I have not changed my mind in the past twelve years that personally the indubitable high point of DOCTOR WHO's run on TV was when it was produced by Philip Hinchcliffe.

It's a little artificial, of course, to pretend that DOCTOR WHO can be broken down into neatly contrasting eras depending on who the leading man was, or whose was the penultimate name on the credits; we cannot speak of 'The Hinchcliffe Era' in the same way that we might of 'The Wilson Government' (apart from the wistful tears both phrases might bring to the eyes of many 30-year-olds). So, looking a little more closely, we can see that Hinchcliffe's tenure breaks down into three distinct sub-periods.

1. Inheritance.

The Ark in Space* to *Terror of the Zygons

There is little in this phase's content to distinguish it from the years before. It is only in quality of execution that there is a marked change. The change in feel is due to the inclusion of the two new leading men - Ian Marter's Harry Sullivan and most importantly Tom Baker's Doctor. It is fascinating (and a little disturbing) to picture season twelve had Jon Pertwee elected to continue in the role of the Doctor - imagine him reciting the "Homo Sapiens..." speech from *Ark* part one, pacifying Noah with a spinning mirror, or crouching beneath the table avoiding the Surveillance System with Mister Benton.

These stories have little in the way of new adversaries (the Daleks, Cybermen, and Sontaran are even all written for by their creators) or situations - there are no radically new kinds of DOCTOR WHO story on offer here. They are just (with the exception of the rather unfortunate *Revenge of the Cybermen*) far far better written and made than DOCTOR WHO had been before. Robert Holmes' *The Ark in Space* is an immediate fusion of good writing, direction, design, composition, and performance that would become the norm in years to follow. The often-overlooked *The Sontaran Experiment* is a final proof to those who still think that DOCTOR WHO is part of the same genre as *Star Wars* or STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION - to make good DOCTOR WHO does not require million-dollar sets, effects, and explosions! With a fraction of the resources (not even a studio!) Rodney Bennet delivered a textbook example of the series' strengths.

It is rather hard to believe that the Terry Nation who scripted *Genesis of the Daleks* was the same Terry Nation who had given us *Planet* and *Death* in the previous two seasons. The quality of plotting, dialogue, performance and design are indicative of the new plateau the series was reaching. The number of times this serial has been repeated and re-issued speaks for itself.

I enjoyed *Revenge of the Cybermen* when I was nine. I still enjoy *Terror of the Zygons*, however. An incidental score simultaneously beautiful and chilling is the icing on a story with the best monsters for years — the Zygons could be both utterly alien in the true forms and even more disturbingly familiar as brutal cynical versions of the human forms they had taken.

At the end of this phase it was as though the new Doctor had taken the TARDIS for a proving flight to test his mettle. He, and the team of Hinchcliffe and Holmes behind him had proved, abetted by quality

SIDEBURNS, MAHOGANY, AND FREEZE-FRAMES

directors and designers that they could do what DOCTOR WHO had done before just as well, if not better. On to the next phase...

2. Evolution

Planet of Evil* to *The Seeds of Doom

In this interim phase, these stories saw DOCTOR WHO referring frequently to its past, but moving towards being something different. It is here that commentators have most frequently begun to use words like 'gothic' and 'gritty'. Whilst the series had contained its fair share of darkened temples and people hitting each other beforehand, they were starting to come off a bit better here. *Terror of the Autons* has just as much nastiness as *The Seeds of Doom*, but the latter, by virtue of being far far better made, can actually still scare people.

Louis Marks' *Planet of Evil* differs as much from his previous two contributions as they do from each other. It's notable for electronic effects which actually enhance the finished show's appearance — as had not always been the case previously! And (sorry if this is starting to read like a 1978 Lionheart brochure) is only overlooked because it is a jewel within jewels. *Pyramids of Mars* returns the element of anachronism to DOCTOR WHO, absent for the previous seven years save solely for Holmes' own *Carnival of Monsters* and *The Time Warrior*. The story has Holmes' personal touches stamped all over it — the aforementioned anachronism, depersonalisation and posession, and the increasingly callous (or unsentimental, depending on your viewpoint) Doctor. Much of the success of the character of Sarah-Jane Smith can be perhaps attributed to her having two such wildly disparate leading men to play against. By *Pyramids*, she is the only representative of contemporary human society aboard the TARDIS that we can empathise with. Ending ironically with a funeral pyre ablaze on the site of UNIT HQ, *Pyramids* prefaces two more final references to the organisation.

"Old soldiers never die — they only fade away". How true! Barry Letts' return to the series oddly forces it back in the direction it was coming from as UNIT's Benton and Sullivan make a curiously low-key swan-song. *The Android Invasion* would have topped a season poll in many other eras of the programme. Here, it comes across as a strange mixture of old and new styles. The schizophrenic nature of this season was also emphasised by the constant switches between well-lit, sunny, Earth-based stories and dark, studio-bound heart-stoppers. Their common denominator is meglomaniacal nutters. Now that Delgado's Master had met his fate and the totalitarian hordes from Skaro and Telos had proven unNecessary we are treated to an array of fascinating villains whose verbal sparring with Tom's Doctor (who, let's face it, could make a shopping list sound enthralling) is a highlight. Sutekh, Solon, and Chase are all perfectly cast and performed. Not only did the programme introduce all these new adversaries, but it never re-used them. *The Brain of Morbius* may have a plot hole you can jump through, but to this day I still find some scenes quite unpleasant to watch (and I will under no circumstances consume offal!). With a bit of luck, by the time you read this you should be about to enjoy *The Seeds of Doom* (sic). Worn well, hasn't it? Notice though, that at the end of the previous phase, The Doctor, Sarah, and Harry, are returning to contemporary Earth. In *Seeds*, they are visiting it. That is, until some well-meaning person realises that there's room for about forty Fourth Doctor/Sarah/Harry/Brigadier/UNIT MISSING ADVENTURES in the months before the jarring shot of the Doctor with his feet up on Dunbar's desk...

2 and a half — Intermezzo

Let's just stop and think where we've got to. There are no recurring villains. Sarah and the Doctor travel of their own volition, only visiting Earth when they feel like it. Earth and UNIT are no longer inseperable. UNIT and regular characters are no longer inseperable, either. Baker's Doctor has come to dominate utterly; he is not a team player. Nothing is dependable any more — the Doctor has no home, no Moriarty, and no limits. This is the jumping off point. Having proved that they could make DOCTOR WHO stories in the same mould as their predecessors, only better, the team could now try something different...

3. Experimentation.

The Masque of Mandragora* to *The Talons of Weng Chiang

The Masque of Mandragora isn't gothic — it's romantic*. The astrolabe and fencing foil are the tools of a rennaisance man all right. And the rebirth that was going on here was one that involved an exploration of just what was possible in DOCTOR WHO. There was a palpable sense of excitement about the series as more and more boundaries were passed. The most notable being on the 23rd of October 1976 when Sarah said goodbye to the Doctor after three and a half years. The only present-day Earth story of the season, *The Hand of Fear* finally breaks the umbilical cord, mentioning the Brigadier for the last

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time, and severing the Doctor's visible links with Earth.

I think that *The Deadly Assassin* is the best ever Doctor Who story made. It's no fluke; the Hinchcliffe/Holmes/Maloney/Acheson/Murray-Leach/Simpson/Baker team was bound to deliver the goods. Having to justify this opinion is rather a new experience for me. Older readers might care to remember how they felt at the end of *The War Games* when the series changed irrevocably. Younger ones might want to remember their relief when *The Trial of a Time Lord* part thirteen came on and justified the whole season. I had never before in my life seen television like the Matrix scenes here. (There were hints of it in *Carnival*, my pre-Hinchcliffe favourite.) *The Deadly Assassin* utterly exemplifies the fusion of complementary talents working on Doctor Who at the time. The feel of this period came not just from superb storytelling but from first-rate set-design (such as the TARDIS's secondary control room, the Panopticon, the Sandminer, or the House of the Dragon), consistently good incidental music, and performances bursting with conviction (Watson on the 'phone to his home as the reactor approaches meltdown, Poul shuddering with Robophobia, and the Doctor looking up to the artificial sky and yelling "I deny this reality!" spring to mind).

Whilst the idea of giving the Doctor a new companion in each story might have been brave (and worked well with Spandrell and Engin filling in during *The Deadly Assassin*), the companion who was introduced represented a bold step indeed. Compare Leela with Harry Sullivan. Harry was introduced to give the regular team some physicality should the fourth Doctor be unable to perform 'action' scenes. Effectively an alien, Leela took physicality beyond mere punch-ups (into the "undiscovered country" itself) and is my favourite Doctor Who companion. This is mainly because of the always entertaining and occasionally tense interplay between her and the Doctor. Whilst later bettered by that involving Romana II, I don't count Romana II as a companion in the conventional sense, since she and the Doctor acted in unison so much that additional characters were required in each story to fulfil the interrogative role.

That *The Face of Evil* and *The Robots of Death* are completely studio-bound actually works to their benefit. In each, Chris Boucher explores computer-generated neurosis, first, in the computer itself, and then in those who come into contact with it. Both concern confined, isolated communities under stress, and the latter suceeds more simply by being more in the mould of what Doctor Who has proven best able to do over the years; the depiction of a well-defined threat in a restricted space with more widespread disastrous consequences should the Doctor fail.

For a finale, *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*, is far more a product of Holmes (R.) than Hinchcliffe. It's a great shame that he didn't get more opportunity to write for Leela — the resultant humour and warmth herein are I suspect the main reason for the story's enduring popularity. Most of the *Assassin* team are reunited here, with results so entertaining that they confirm my suspicions about the former being no fluke.

There ended the greatest year, and also the greatest three years in the series' history. By employing the best ever scripts and production staff in Doctor Who history, Hinchcliffe succeeded in producing more powerful and emotive television than had ever before borne the series' title. This cost him his job (ring any bells with Casualty fans?). Still, a CV entry like that ("Made Doctor Who more popular than ever by high production standards that actually made it frightening, so forced to move on...") can't have done his career any harm.

He may have been lucky to get out when he did, too. It was budgetary problems coupled with an increasingly uncooperative leading man that were his successor's handicaps, and he would have encountered them himself had he continued.

Independent of the three main thrusts of Hinchcliffe's tenure are a number of strengths which span the whole period. Foremost is Tom Baker's definitve interpretation of the leading role, coupled with support from Elisabeth Sladen, Ian Marter, and Louise Jameson. With no weak members of the regular cast, or poor characterisations for them to portray, much of the battle was won already. The evolution of Tom's Doctor, from the gangling, startlingly young-looking investigator of the Nerva stories into the moody, sharp-tongued, dominating adventurer of season fourteen was positively seductive.

Also, the series maintained a consistency in feel between stories that was not to be equalled. Whilst their subject matters remained diverse, there were none of the disconcerting jolts in narrative style that would later take place between say *Remembrance of the Daleks* and *The Happiness Patrol*. There was a warmth and humour present, usually between the Doctor and companions, but never at the expense of the narrative tension.

In my view, the whole Hinchcliffe period, especially the last of the three phases described above constitutes superlative Doctor Who. All periods that have followed have, by comparison, been only partially sucessful experiments. By my reckoning, I count amongst the 16 stories which make it up, 15 wholly successful ones, including my three all-time favourites (*Assassin*, *Genesis* and *Talons*). This period requires (almost) no apology or justification whatsoever. And during my own personal 'Golden Age' (how ironic!), even *Revenge of the Cybermen* was pretty wonderful, too!

Dave Owen

TOM THE SECOND

"There's humour, which for cheerful Friends we got, And for the thinking Party there's a Plot."
William Congreve, from the Prologue to *Love for Love*

"Contact has been made."
Bob Baker and Dave Martin, *The Invisible Enemy*

1. THE MISSION

'It stands to reason. Why? Why can't it lie down to reason?'

Criticism of Doctor Who within fandom retains the vocabulary of its origins in the early Eighties. The series is seen as a succession of discrete blocks, depending on who the producer was or who was playing the Doctor at the time. But the edges of what is known as 'the Graham Williams era' are particularly frayed. For the purposes of this piece, I'm stretching the definition backwards to *The Deadly Assassin* and forwards to *Warriors' Gate*. On the fictional level, the twenty seven stories within that bracket all take place in the same wondrous SF universe. And for me, they represent the highpoint of the series.

The later Tom Baker stories tend to provoke extreme reactions. The traditionalist stance (shoddy production, slapstick, send-up, childish, season eighteen a 'return to adult drama', blah, etc.) has been redressed slightly over the past few years by an opposing argument. This sees the Williams era as an artefact of postmodern forces combining to produce works of semiotic thickness through usage of meta-textual signifiers. Hmm. I think the answer lies somewhere else entirely, and that what both arguments are missing is that the Doctor Who stories of the late seventies are hugely, magnificently and squarely *entertaining*.

2. ORIGINS OF THE UNIVERSE

'What's for tea?' 'Tea!' 'Yes, tea!'

The universe of the Williams era is entirely middle class. Even the Gallifreyan outsiders and the Swampies obviously come from the Home Counties. There's an abundance of royalty and aristocracy, particularly princesses and ladies. The only commoner we ever see is Drax, and he is a (Time) Lord dressing down. Naturally everyone speaks English except the French and their news is in English. Twentieth century England has eccentric spinsters, mumbling rustics, villains with perfect manners and bemused commuters who promise their wives they'll be home in twenty minutes. It's a universe where an almost bloodless revolution can take place in thirty five minutes, where Time can be checked, slipped or tied in a knot, where machines can be friends. YeT it seems more real than any period of Doctor Who before or since.

Good characterisation is one of the hallmarks of the Williams era. The motivation behind the manoeuvres of characters such as Scaroth, the Graff Vynda-K and Pangol are discussed and debated as key points in the narrative. And in our daily lives we meet people like Kimus or Thawn or Rorvik. The attention paid to detail is most pleasing, giving the fictional worlds portrayed roundness and credibility that allows the drama space to function the more convincingly. Examples: Vivien Fay's previous aliases; Pangol's study of the Foamasi; the 'courtesy' once shown to Lamia by Grendel. Characters as diverse as the Pirate Captain, Professor Rumford and Binro have backgrounds, beliefs, lives of their own. What drives most of the stories is a desire for love or money or power. The characters lead the plots; the science fiction, as Lalla Ward has said, just happens to be there, a distinction unfortunately lost on subsequent scriptwriters. Imagination and science are interchangeable here. The camp horror of the Hinchcliffe seasons was replaced by often outrageous ideas. The warpsmash that releases the Mandrels, the nature of the Vardans as beings who can travel along thought waves, a pirate planet sucking others dry.

One of the clichés wheeled out regularly to explain the longevity of Doctor Who is its concentration on the conflict between good and evil. This conflict is at its best when the oppositions are a bit more complex than Dark versus Light. One of the many reasons why the Master is such an unsatisfying character is that he makes the Doctor look too straight- laced. The Guardians are the backbone of the Williams universe, but they never come close enough to make us realize how silly they are. What's more, the first appearance of the White is underplayed so deliciously — he displays an attitude of indifference utterly contrary to his words of warning, neatly summing up in one scene exactly what makes this era so satisfying. To the Guardians, the Doctor and his enemies are insects and their battles have no moral

dimension. Their war is between balance and chaos. White (or is it Black, or both or neither?) selects the Doctor only because he is successful. Against all the odds. On the Doctor's immediate level, the battle is between him (along with his friends), representing jokes and improvisation, against the villain or villains, who represent lack of humour and grandiose schemes that are too complex for their own good. This is the backdrop provided by the scripts. The regular characters interact with this. And what goes on in the rehearsal room and on the studio floor adds another dimension.

3. VULGAR FACETIOUSNESS

'Listen, when your life has been threatened as often as mine, you'll find this is much more fun!'

The Doctor, by his own admission, will soon be getting middle-aged. He's seen it all, done it all. In *Pyramids of Mars* we glimpsed the enormity of his responsibilities as a time-space traveller. The lifestyle he chose is its own trap. The change in the character from season fourteen onwards is that he starts to react to his dilemma in a different way. Ultimately, as he tells Captain Rigg, he wants to have fun.

Whereas Sarah Jane had been a good friend and sparkling company, the Doctor, at least consciously, preferred to be alone. Leela brings out his lonely, contemplative side even more, mainly because they can't really communicate on the same level. His behaviour in the time of their acquaintance grows ever more bizarre, but crucially, they know each other and how the other behaves almost too well. Leela's instinct tells her that the Doctor is shamming to the Vardans, and he expects them to. In *The Invasion of Time* it is K9 to whom the Doctor turns as a confidant, simply because he has no mind in the accepted sense. In many ways, this story serves as a template for the character of the Doctor. The narrative revolves around him, his past, his opinions of others, others' opinions of him, and his great strengths and weaknesses as a person.

In the eyes of his peers, he is a half-forgotten nobody; Theta Sigma, the slow starter from the class of '92 who scraped a doctorate from Prydon Academy with 51% on his third attempt. But five hundred and twenty three years of practical, on the job experience of life as it is lived rather than observed on a thought channel has given him something far superior than a dusty certificate of graduation. He has learnt to feel, and with that feeling came humour and imagination. It has also made him smug, opinionated and moody. The character of Kelner gives us a chance to see the kind of cloying parochialism that spurred the Doctor to reject life on Gallifrey in the first place. And the Doctor's revelation to Borusa of his true motives in staging the Vardan invasion reveal something else about him. Although the script suggests this was something that had to be done, there's more than a trace of gloating in the Doctor's treatment of the Time Lords. He is showing them, he thinks, that his way of life has equipped him to deal with anything, even to save their skins. Then comes the final irony, as the Sontarans appear in the Panopticon. As ever, the Doctor has overlooked one vital detail — and his capacity to make mistakes, as Romana would later suggest, not only makes his victories more unlikely but also more uplifting. He is flawed but endearing, which are very useful qualities for a long running hero in any medium.

The final shot of the story sees the Doctor looking rather morose at Leela's departure, but there will always be something to keep him going, such as building a new K9 to keep him company.

The motif of conflict between experience and book learning is continued into the following three seasons with the character of Romana. Her first incarnation is constantly exasperated by the Doctor's apparently warped priorities during their search for the Key to Time. In fact, as the audience knows and as Romana comes to learn, the Doctor never does anything, however odd it may appear, without a reason. His motive is usually confusion. In *The Power of Kroll* his prattlings on the influences of early-Samoan architecture conceal two simultaneous attempts to escape from the Swampies' seventh holy ritual. "He's got piggy little eyes and a piggy little mind behind them," he says of Varlik, "it's very difficult to hypnotise somebody with piggy little eyes."

The rapport he enjoys with the regenerated Romana is rightly legendary, and owes a lot to off-screen events. They are totally at ease with one another. Both characters are intelligent and witty. Whereas the first Romana's non-technical reading stretched only as far as the lifecycle of the Gallifreyan flutterwing, the second has obviously taken a crash course in literature. Forgive me as I gush like the Lalla fan I am. Advocates of a female Doctor would do well to remember that Romana virtually is the Doctor. They are two aspects of the same personality, and during their time together she uses a sonic screwdriver, wears his clothes and even starts to react like him. Her conversations with Rorvik are particularly worthy of her mentor. "That's a very interesting philosophical question..." Shortly afterwards, she makes the decision the Doctor made hundreds of years before, and sets off to rove time and space with a robot dog on missions of mercy. Doctor Two, Time Lords nil.

Her departure leaves the Doctor deflated, and without her and K9 he becomes a tired old man, sombre once again. He tolerates Adric rather better than his successor, but isn't afraid to let the boy know how he feels about his unorthodox entry to the TARDIS. Aware of his imminent demise, the Doctor is simply marking time until his end, preparing for the moment. Whatever the case, a high level of attention was given during this period, by production team and actor, to the character of the Doctor, his beliefs, his friendships and his motivation.

4. IT'S WONDERFUL A-FUNCTIONALITY

'All this fuss over outside appearances ... it's what's inside that counts, isn't that right, K9?'

Part of the critical vocabulary of Doctor Who fandom that I mentioned earlier is the inevitable, "Well, as for the sets and costumes..." As the Doctor says, these external details aren't all-important but it is nice to get them right. In defence of seasons fifteen to seventeen, I think that the sets wobble just as much if not more both before and after, and that the reason Doctor Who fans picked up on these particular wobbly corridors and zip-up monsters is more to do with not liking the scripts and the actors. Season twenty is a feast of tackiness, for example. It doesn't bother me that the Shrievenzale isn't very convincing or that the model of the Empress/Hecate crash doesn't come up to George Lucas standards. It's nicer when effects and things do work, but the directors of this period rightly favour the performances and the construction of a narrative. That's far more important.

5. TIME TOTS

'I must try to bring him up properly this time'

Anethans aside, children are another grouping almost absent from the Williams era, something that made the arrival of Adric and the Outlers doubly unexpected and embarrassing. Despite its increasing sophistication, the series was nominally still for children. K9 is the most obvious point of appeal for youngsters, but his appeal is not lost on adults. I just can't see how this period of the series, which contains the most intelligently argued and concise plotting, could ever have been written off as kid's stuff. Importantly, the series was functioning very efficiently as a family show, with the Doctor's disrespect for authority and bubbling optimism of appeal to all groups.

I was ten when season sixteen aired. It's still my favourite. From somewhere, I can't remember where, I got the address of the DWAS and joined. I was a bit confused when I received my first few issues of the newsletter. These people didn't realize that Doctor Who was supposed to be funny. They didn't like Romana or K9 or even the Doctor. They believed that Doctor Who should be more like something called 'the Barry Letts era', whatever that was. I didn't know who Barry Letts was. The series was a childish farce, which was a shame because when Jon Pertwee had been in it it had been a gritty realistic drama and the Master had been really scary. And the black and white stories may have been a bit dusty but they were much better than the latest episode of the Tom Baker show. And the worst story of the season was *The Androids of Tara* because Count Grendel was a silly villain and the whole thing was a bit of a joke, really, not like classic stories like *The Space Museum* or *The Daemons*, which were proper serious Doctor Who. And Graham Williams, whoever he was, was dragging the whole thing down.

I didn't renew my DWAS subscription.

Eventually, some years later, these people got what they wanted. They got a story that was about adults struggling to stay alive, with guns and policemen and gritty backstreets, and plenty of references to old monsters and past stories because bringing back anything from the series' past got their vote. They got an actor who took the part of the Doctor seriously. They got a script that would help them compile lists and theories about the history of the planet Telos. They got *Attack of the Cybermen*.

6. THE CRITICS

'What these people (the fans) are conceding... is that they don't understand actors or programme makers'

Tom Baker, Starburst 17

'Listen, when I retire from politics, I'm going to set up a business, it'll be called Rent a Spine'

Margaret Thatcher

Go on, Doctor. Rout like all the rest. Lily-livered, faint hearted do-nothing cowards. I'm finally getting something done. Ha ha ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha'

Rorvik

Why didn't the fans I mentioned earlier like Graham Williams' time on Doctor Who? Here's my theory.

The academic definition of fandom is 'an excess of pleasure.' What I think this means is that fans are people who respond unusually to a text. We enjoy it too much. There are several different ways of enjoying things too much. Some ways are more respectable than others in the wider community. At least in its first twenty one years, Doctor Who was family adventure series. It was designed to provide twenty five minutes of fun every week.

Some Doctor Who fans tend to like lists and guides. Lists of extras' names and guides to how many episodes Deborah Watling appeared in including flashbacks and specials.

Some Doctor Who fans think the series is a serious science fiction drama. For them a story or group of stories without jokes, and preferably with soldiers in, will always be better than any, no matter how well executed, with jokes in. For them the series should be more grown up. But adult, like progress, is a word that can mean just about anything depending on who's using it.

The main butt of the humour of the Williams era is at the expense of people who grew up without a sense of humour or sense of proportion. The Graff, Hade, Adrasta, the Daleks, etc. People with the backblast attitude to life. Unfortunately other periods of Doctor Who glorify this approach to things, the Brigadier and his batch chums being a prime example. If your favourite story is *The Daemons* you probably aren't going to like *The Creature from the Pit* very much. The early eighties saw Williams slagged routinely. In preparation for this piece, a friend lent me a few fanzines of the period. One included a dartboard of Graham, his punishment for the production of 'embarrassing c**p' like *Underworld* and *The Power of Kroll*. It was right next to a favourable review of *Time-Flight*. The Longleat convention programme contained a piece by Ian Levine on the history of the series which slagged Williams before going on to praise 'the new golden age' overseen by his successor. In *The Unfolding Text* Eric Saward expressed a belief that the Williams era

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'insulted its audience.' What upsets me slightly is how much this attitude still prevails.

7. THE PRODUCERS

'Well, I can't get everything right'

The Leisure Hive is very different to *The Horns of Nimon*. But *Meglos* is very different to *The Leisure Hive*. I think that the series' big change begins with *The Keeper of Traken* and the start of the Davison soap. JNT brought control to the studio floor, which suggests oddly that he may have been more suited with Douglas Adams as script editor, who could have done with that. JNT's real successes of later years (*Caves, Happiness Patrol*, etc.) have a Williamsesque feel to them. But the earlier part of season eighteen has a lot more in common with what went before than what came after. The received wisdom on this subject sees Williams wheeled out of the edit suite of *Shada* in a white coat (presumably screaming "Fools! Nothing can prevent the catharsis of spurious intertextuality!") as JNT and Bidmead slip in rather like Graham Chapman's MONTY PYTHON Major — "Now, this is getting far too silly. Stop all this silliness..."

Why do I think Graham Williams was the best producer of DOCTOR WHO? Because he and his three script editors thought about the series and emphasized the essential theme that makes it so special, messages present in almost every other period before and since but not capitalized on; that growing up shouldn't mean cutting off your emotions, that friendships are important, that the most dangerous thing in the universe isn't a shower of dianane acid or a redirected neutron star or even a chronic hysteresis, but people who have lost the capacity to laugh at themselves.

8. TOMORROW

'The future lies this way'

At the time of writing, I note that *Planet of the Daleks* has been selected for rescreening on BBC1. This choice fits in perfectly with the thirtysomething nostalgia cult currently growing so tiresome at the BBC. Nobody's going to be watching anyway because Raquel is back at the Rovers and there's a possibility of a Ken/Deirdre reunion. But if the BBC want to gather viewers for DOCTOR WHO repeats rather than alienate the uninitiated with a bewildering jump through wildly differing casts and approaches, here's a suggestion. Start with *The Ark in Space* and run Tom in order.

It's worked before.

Gareth Roberts

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WHAT IS IT exactly that tells us that the man with the new face is the same as the man with the old? Each regeneration in DOCTOR WHO has been different, and made different demands on the willingness of the audience to accept it; to accept the continuity. *Robot* demanded our acceptance by being basically a Pertwee story — nothing really had changed. *Spearhead from Space* on the other hand swamped the audience with so much change that the new Doctor was hardly noticed amongst it. *The Twin Dilemma* hurled its new Doctor at us with such force that there was no choice but to succumb or duck out altogether.

But *Castrovalva* was different. There is nothing obvious about the story that suggests an acceptance strategy. The new Doctor is not a forceful personality. The story, though gorgeous, is not blindingly brilliant or distracting. If anything it is one of the gentlest and most malice-free stories the show ever did. What was it, then, that made the fifth Doctor so instantly acceptable, especially after the awesome personality of the previous seven years?

It is probably the fact that *Castrovalva* was not really the start of the Davison era at all. A very clever and subtle strategy on the part of the production team saw to it that the new era was well underway before Davison appeared, so that when the Doctor actually changed hardly anyone would notice. How was this done?

In several ways. On a mundane level of course nobody who was in the TARDIS at the beginning of the eighteenth season was still in it at the end. This is important. But we shouldn't underestimate the semiotic significance of a new title sequence, and new theme and incidental music. It should be noticed as well that the musical theme is not the only one that changed. We can recognise a single progressive narrative from *Full Circle* through to the end of *Castrovalva* and arguably up until the end of *Time-Flight*. In as much as the eighteenth season was designed to bring about a situation into which Davison could comfortably slip it is certainly the case that by the end of the E-Space trilogy the Baker Doctor has already become redundant, and since the Master plot which begins in *The Keeper of Traken* precipitates the regeneration and is not concluded until the end of *Castrovalva* it is really here that the Davison era starts. Everything is in place. So for the last few of his stories the fourth Doctor has become a voice crying in the wilderness preparing the way for the fifth. With so much of the ground prepared it is really no wonder that the new Doctor got such an easy ride. Extending our metaphor it is appropriate also that his predecessor's swan song had such an apocalyptic theme and eschatological aura. These were the last days and the old Doctor was already an anachronism. The new Master, Tegan, Adric and Nyssa were all elements of the new era and its Doctor was watching from a distance. Nyssa tells us that "the Watcher was the Doctor all the time" so when he properly slips into view it is no wonder that we feel as though he was already there. He has been present in spirit for several stories and we are relieved that things can now get underway properly.

But of course they don't. Davison is present for very little of *Castrovalva*, at least in its early stages. The symbolic unravelling of the scarf and the gradual removal of the Baker costume remind us that the previous era had been systematically dismantled over the previous stories. The loss of the costume completes the process, but it leaves little behind. Davison dons his cricketer's outfit and swings his bat but it isn't until several stories later in *Black Orchid* that the cricketing image becomes anything more than token.

This tokenism is a feature not only of the Davison era but of the Nathan-Turner era in general. It is also a feature of television science fiction as a whole which had not hitherto been so blatant in DOCTOR WHO. Something that BLAKE'S 7, STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION, THE TOMORROW PEOPLE, ACE OF WANDS and plenty of other series too numerous to mention are wont to do is to establish a character skill balance which may then be used as the basis of narrative. X's function within the lead team is to do Y and he or she is endowed with a unique skill to facilitate this. When, as inevitably happens, the team breaks up, the whole thing becomes more interesting, for characters are able to explore new skills and relationships outside their stated definition. Nevertheless the initial situation provides a necessary early solidity. In DOCTOR WHO the practice had been slightly different. Leela is a savage tribeswoman and seen in that context for her opening story; Ian and Barbara are schoolteachers and are seen in that context in their opening story. Companions are either essential to or products of presented environment, but it is rare that the environment is pursued; the context changes almost immediately. Harry is able to use his skills as a doctor and Sarah uses her status as journalist from time to time but on the whole each companion's character background is a feature only or mainly of the story which introduces them. In the Davison era this changed. Adric, Nyssa and Tegan are presented to us as ready made objects in no need of greater situational explanation. Tegan is an air hostess. We do not see this; it is just stated. The most we get is that she is in uniform. (Uniforms are another innovation of this era — never before has there been so little costume changing going on in the TARDIS.) We have to wait until *Time-Flight* to see her in context — her eighth story. Another companion, Adric, is a mathematical genius, we are told; it is not until *Earthshock*, and the events leading to his death that this primary characteristic is really exploited. Nyssa, probably the most interesting member of the Davison team, gets a better deal. A prodigious scientist, she exercises this faculty conspicuously, successfully and often.

That this should be the case is unsurprising given the odyssean nature of the early Davison era. With Bidmead at the helm redesigning the programme, at least to begin with, DOCTOR WHO was drawing more heavily upon its roots than ever before. We have already observed a continuous narrative from *Full Circle* all the way through to *Time-Flight*. All it needed was a closing caption saying "Next Episode:..." and we would have been right back where we started. A great step forward that is actually a leap back had been done before, of course — Season Twelve was doing exactly the same thing, presenting the series once more as a travelogue wherein the Doctor and his companions arrive and explore and try to find out what is going on. It is into such a format that a multi- and specifically-skilled team fits quite neatly. Hence the careful construction of this team over the previous season. Witness the tragically overlooked *Four to Doomsday*, a story significant for our contention that the series was reaching back

90.54%	THE CAVES OF ANDROZANI
83.08%	Earthshock
75.44%	Resurrection of the Daleks
75.57%	The Five Doctors
71.93%	Castrovalva
72.13%	The Visitation
70.87%	Enlightenment
70.15%	Kinda
69.26%	Black Orchid
68.46%	Frontios
66.91%	Snakedance
66.31%	The Awakening
65.68%	Mawdryn Undead
61.27%	Planet of Fire
56.97%	Arc of Infinity
55.06%	The King's Demons
49.95%	Four to Doomsday
48.31%	Terminus
47.83%	Warriors of the Deep
41.44%	Timeflight

A FRESH START

to its roots. The TARDIS arrives unexpectedly and the crew don't know where they are, beyond that they appear to be in a scientifically advanced culture. Nyssa is in her element, Tegan out of her depth, Adric irritating and naive (these being two qualities that tend, unfortunately, to override his mathematical skills). For all the talk of Adric as a clever clogs he is consistently more at home in an unsophisticated environment such as in *The Visitation* or *Black Orchid* when his character is allowed to be less rigidly defined.

This is where the success of season nineteen lies. Season eighteen provided a set of defined characters which the following season diligently resisted contextualising. The series, returning to its earliest motives, offers us a travelogue based upon the frustration of the attempted contextualisation of one of its major players. Tegan, like Ian and Barbara, tries and fails to get home. What she, as the human character representing the audience, achieves instead is steadily to become familiar with her companions and the new Doctor. The four people explore the universe and each other as equal partners and, most particularly, as friends. Had the series instead opted for a procession of showcase stories exploiting the identified characteristics of the TARDIS crew this would not have occurred — instead of a team we would have had a collection of individuals, assisted with their own particular problems by others who happen to be travelling with them. That is not what DOCTOR WHO is about — it began as a story about a group of people on a voyage of discovery, and in season nineteen it became that again. When, at the end of *The Five Doctors* Davison says that this is how it all started he was two seasons too late, and it is no longer the case. Far from being the beginning of the reconstruction this is in fact the end of it. The series is about to abandon the moves that it made in the previous few years. The twentieth anniversary story, then, whilst obviously being a landmark for the series as a whole is also a significant turning point for the Davison era. It stands across the era like a boundary fence separating season twenty-one from the others.

Season twenty-one differs from seasons nineteen and twenty much more significantly than they differ from each other. Although the season has an overall coherence it is composed of much more distinctly separate parts than were seasons nineteen and twenty. *The Twin Dilemma* notwithstanding, only *Frontios* and *Resurrection of the Daleks* (also a vitally important story) have a continuous narrative and even the references to preceding stories are limited to a comment about the Daleks early on in *Planet of Fire*. Almost everything about the way this season is presented is different from the previous two. The voyage of discovery is over (and not just for Davison — *The King's Demons* was the last time in DOCTOR WHO that the TARDIS landed at random).

The age of innocence, if we can call it that, is over too. Though the fifth Doctor is still adrift he is, at least, adrift with confidence and more assured in the problems that he is bounced into. He is trapped on Frontios but gets a grip on the situation very quickly. In previous years Brazen or Plantagenet, through some or other act of selflessness, would inadvertently have bailed the Doctor out of his hopeless hole, which may be why this stuff about the Gravis pulling the TARDIS back together is not entirely convincing. (Still a wonderful story though.) The tone of the season is also different. The freshness has given way to an air of stability. It has been said that, given another season, Davison would have consolidated his performance and been a truly great Doctor, but the reality (to speculate for a moment) is more likely to have been a fragmentation of the era into phases as irreconcilably disparate as the Hinchcliffe and Williams versions of the fourth Doctor. As it is the first two and the last Davison seasons, while differing, remain a unity. Taking *The Caves of Androzani* as a model (as, given Saward's regard for Holmes work, inevitably it would have done), the fourth season would have been far too different from the first for the era to have made any sense.

This final story is possibly one of the oddest DOCTOR WHO adventures of all. Although a tremendously successful piece of television and a highly respected DOCTOR WHO story, there is at least as much that is wrong with it as there is that is right. It is at the same time the perfect Davison adventure and not really a Davison story at all — a curious paradox. Let's start with why it is so good.

In *The Caves of Androzani* Davison gets his Doctor spot on. It is his most convincing performance. Why? Because he captures perfectly the overwhelmed desperation that is the core of the fifth Doctor. Throughout his tenure he is struggling against circumstances which only just fail to bury him. Given that DOCTOR WHO is essentially an oppositional drama the fifth Doctor's victories are all deeply pyrrhic. Davison hardly ever gains more than he loses. In *Earthshock*, most obviously, he loses Adric. In *Castrovalva* he can only escape by betraying the Castrovalvans who, while imaginary, had nevertheless demonstrated the independence of their existence. In *Arc of Infinity* he is forced to murder the second greatest member of his race. In *Warriors of the Deep* the cost, as he states, is the death of 'an ancient and noble race', not to mention all but one of the seabase crew. His tenure is

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a series of almost cataclysmic cock-ups culminating, inevitably, in his own death.

Two reasons for this present themselves. DOCTOR WHO, like most drama, tends to be oppositional. In the centre of the Davison drama is the Black and White Guardian trilogy. The era revolves around it. The Guardians are one of the more unfortunate creations of the otherwise brilliant Williams era but they do represent the polarity of thinking that overcame DOCTOR WHO after this point. The Davison era stands as an island of ambiguity in an ocean of dualism. Either side of it may be seen a parade of clearly defined and identifiable villains who must be vanquished in order to restore 'truth and justice'. Villains in the Davison era are not so distinct; sometimes, as in *Black Orchid*, to the point of threatlessness. Stein has been conditioned and is not really bad; Sir George is possessed by the Malus; Omega only wants to get home and so on. The Davison era is one of moral ambiguity in which the Doctor must struggle to find a path through the overgrown ethical jungle.

In several cases the fifth Doctor fails to solve the dilemmas with which he is presented. His haplessness is its own salvation. (*Frontios* is an unusual exception.) In *The Awakening* for example it is Will who pushes Sir George to his death after the Doctor has declared that there might be another way (the second time in two stories that he has failed to find this mythical better path) thus saving him the awkward decision. Likewise in *Mawdryn Undead* the Doctor is bounced out of having to make the decision by the sickness of his companions, and again the ultimate solution to his dilemma is a freak of chance. (*Mawdryn Undead*, incidentally, completely misunderstands the Blinovitch Limitation Effect. In *Day of the Daleks* it is presented not as a consequence of a person meeting himself but as a mechanism which prevents this occurring.) In all these instances the fifth Doctor is seen not to be in control of his own destiny.

This is crucial, and is the reason that the Davison Doctor is at his peak in *The Caves of Androzani*. It is also the reason why that story represents the tragedy of the fifth Doctor to perfection. It is a story in which the Doctor takes no action at all directly to affect the situation and for the most part is not in a position to do so. He is a man caught up in events that are utterly beyond his control and in which there are no good guys. The Doctor's objective here, almost uniquely in DOCTOR WHO, is not to resolve the situation but to escape from it.

But if those are reasons why *The Caves of Androzani* is a very good Davison story there are also reasons why it is a very bad one. (There are other Davison stories which are bad but for much more straightforward reasons. *Time-Flight* is bad because it is badly acted, badly directed and basically a very stupid story. *The Visitation* is bad because it threw away everything that the previous three stories had achieved in terms of recreating the programme.) The principle reason is that, while possessing the Davisonic hopelessness, it is lacking in ambiguity. There is no road to be found or discovery of character to be made. Morgus is bad, Stotz is bad, Chellak and Salateen are not much better. Sharaz Jek, though eventually sympathetic, is motivated entirely by bitterness and hatred. Suppose he had destroyed Morgus, what then? There is nowhere further for him to go. *The Caves of Androzani* presents us with a self-destructive situation. The whole thing is just too depressing to be a Davison story.

Not that there is anything wrong with depressing stories, but they are not what the Davison era is about. Though the Davison era is a series of failures it nevertheless has an optimistic core. It depends upon a series of friendships. If the TARDIS crew in *Castrovalva* has been thrown together by happenstance it is held together by the fact that all concerned care about each other. This is why they stay together. Davison looks at the Portreeve's tapestry and observes how much he has depended on his companions. The point is that it never occurred to them to do anything else but help him because he is their friend.

Notice also the circumstances in which all the Davison companions leave. The Doctor bids an emotional farewell to every single one of them, which is unheard of hitherto. He is horrified at the situation that Nyssa proposes to launch herself into and tries to stop her (again unheard of before) and Tegan's leaving is the most painful the programme has seen. How many other Doctors have hurt so openly?

The Tegan departure is another of the Davison era's crucial peripateia. If the Baker era was winding down from *Warriors' Gate* onward the mortal blow to Davison's Doctor was dealt in *Resurrection of the Daleks*. From this point on it is inevitable that the fifth Doctor will go and *Planet of Fire* is only a stay of execution. *Resurrection of the Daleks* is important in as much as it blends the exteriority of *The Caves of Androzani* with the haplessness of many stories already mentioned. As with his last story the Doctor is almost wholly surplus to the plot. Although action is directed against him it is once again not the Doctor who resolves the situation — Stein destroys the space station. The Daleks on Earth were wiping each other out anyway and Davros and Lytton both get away. Once again the fifth Doctor is dragged into a situation he does not resolve. All he does is escape from it. And once again he is not his own master. When Tegan decides to leave she is doing the one thing that he cannot, which is to escape from himself, and that is why this hurts him so much. Although the Doctor is the centre of the storm, he is not a still point. Tegan has realised that he will always be the heart of chaos and in leaving she makes the Doctor realise it too. This is his lifestyle.

Turlough is slightly different. Turlough was introduced in the opening story of the so-called Black Guardian Trilogy, and the pivotal nature of this was noted earlier. What it represents is the conflict between the dualistic nature of most DOCTOR WHO and the struggle of the Davison era to show that there is little about anything that is clear cut. The Black Guardian is evil, the White Guardian is good and never the twain shall wipe each other out. The characters, such as they are, together posit that everything depends from an equal and ultimate first cause that will be either good or bad. Yet the character of Turlough stands between them, apparently depending on one, but ultimately serving the other. Add to this the fact that Turlough is as close as any companion (with the possible exception of Nyssa) has come to being essentially the character of the Doctor and we come to the reason why the fifth Doctor has to regenerate. Turlough, like the Doctor, is an exile from his own people, finding his own way, adrift in a universe he can't really cope with. But, like Tegan in the previous story, he is presented with the opportunity to do something that the Doctor cannot, and he takes it. He returns home.

Finally, of course, there's Peri, and Peri gives the Doctor the opportunity to overcome and repay the loss of his previous four companions. His era of tragedy is enabled to end with a personal triumph. Apparently overwhelmed by the crushingly unambiguous forces of complete selfishness on Androzani, the fifth Doctor triumphs with selflessness by giving his life for a friend. It could not be more appropriate for a Doctor whose era has been marked by a succession of companions who all gave of themselves to help him realise himself. And the act of self-sacrifice is the clearest way in which the fifth Doctor can demonstrate his ability to overcome his failings to be renewed and redeemed.

Peter Linford

79.59%	REVELATION OF THE DALEKS
66.14%	The Two Doctors
63.16%	Vengeance on Varos
58.14%	Attack of the Cybermen
51.67%	The Ultimate Foe
51.61%	The Mark of the Rani
48.73%	Mindwarp
47.00%	The Mysterious Planet
45.26%	Terror of the Vervoids
33.98%	Timelash
33.03%	The Twin Dilemma

CAST YOUR THOUGHTS BACK, if you can, to halfway through the 1980s — a time when primary colours were enjoying a brief, bright renaissance, when the Belgrano scandal had sunk without trace, 'The Smiths' ruled the airwaves, and the miners' strike had come to its end. Booming Britain reckoned the future looked rosy (well, Tory bluey). In DOCTOR WHO a new hero emerged with flying colours from the violence and despair of Davison's last season — to follow Morrissey's creed about meat being murder, and to help the mine-workers of Varos cast off their chains.

Colin Baker's Doctor cut a striking figure and a strong one: and while he followed the trends of the sartorial, social and political avant-garde, he seemed less predictable than his predecessors, and more alien. He saved Karfel from its suicidal nuclear policies (at a time when CND still stole the headlines), and baked nut roasts, drank carrot juice and rode an exercise bike. He even defeated the power-crazed plans of a trio of husky voiced, middle aged iron ladies — the Rani, Chessene and Kara. Yet you never knew whether he'd betray his friends to the Mentors, shoot a policeman in cold blood or turn his talents to genocide. He loved cats so much he nearly ate one on the streets of Seville (and went on to befriend *Cats* stars Brian Blessed and Bonnie Langford!): if he'd survived until *Survival*, who knows whose side he'd have decided to take...

The sixth Doctor began as an exuberant and extravagant expression of the boom: his splendour eventually burnt out in a marvellous vision of pre-recession decadence. While he lasted, he was the most contemporary Time Lord we've known, his appeal was the most immediate and urgent. We went through a lot with him — regenerative trauma, the eighteen month limbo of a cancellation crisis, the death of a companion and an unexpected and premature end. He was larger than life, and stranger; he never quite recovered from his post-regenerative madness — he never lost those elements of danger and surprise. But this sprawling, contradictory, cornucopian, corpulent character — the least compact hero imaginable — enjoyed the most compact time in the TARDIS. His brief reign was positively compact — full, dense and tightly controlled. The best things come in small packets — as Wesley Crusher fans say.

Colin Baker's two and a bit seasons invented a series of strange, new worlds — compact and cunningly wrought — living planets whose zoologies and botanies (gumblejack, weed plants, speelsnapes and all) might keep Attenborough and Bellamy happy for years; planets with dauntingly detailed social, cultural and economic structures — the Androgum class system, Marb station's water legends, the secrets of Tranquil Repose. The craggy knob of Titan III, the waste lands of Jaconda and Telos, the claustrophobic tunnels, caverns and corridors of Varos and Karfel, the snows of Necros and the seas of Thoros Beta — truly another world in another sky — Victorian Scotland and England, present-day Spain, and London after the end of our civilisation... There's something unmistakeably foreign and fantastic (and uncannily half-familiar) about every world

I'm Alright, Jek...

"Do I contradict myself? Very well then I contradict myself,
(I am large, I contain multitudes.)"

Walt Whitman

the sixth Doctor visits — culminating in his nightmare journey through the Gallifreyan Matrix, the strangest of all places, a realm of memory and imagination, of false history and topography, every place and yet not really anywhere at all. The Time Lords' usual haunts are swapped for a spacecraft in the middle of nowhere; and only once do these travels witness modern-day England — a disturbing sight (none of Pertwee's cosy armchair scenes), set between futuristic buildings, scrapyards and sewers — underground in the company of the criminal underworld.

This twilight zone resounds with surreal rumours of fly-on-the-wall video nasties, extra-terrestrial psychotic gastronomes, food-factories, and even a distant planet with a Marble Arch station. George Stevenson and H.G. Wells, meanwhile, battle the alien menace. Such narrative misquotation (or interpolation) is echoed in the Doctor's tendency to quote inappropriately and imperfectly; while the best-practised vehicle for this narratological uncertainty — the detective genre — provides a perfect setting for Colin Baker's Doctor, who's for once in his element amidst the mysteries on the Mogarian express.

We're further disoriented to discover that — thanks to the machinations of the Valeyard — the very stories we've been watching have been fraught with lies. The Doctor's jurors watch a phoney courtroom scene on the Matrix screen, and we can't be sure what's happening any more. What really took place on Thoros Beta's shores — and in the radio room of the Hyperion III? Have we actually glimpsed the Doctor's evil side?

Of course we have: that's the Colin Baker era's greatest twist. Just when — with the revelation of Peri's death and his own guilt of genocide — the Doctor finally acknowledges and repents his darker nature, his worst thoughts are personified in the figure of the Valeyard.

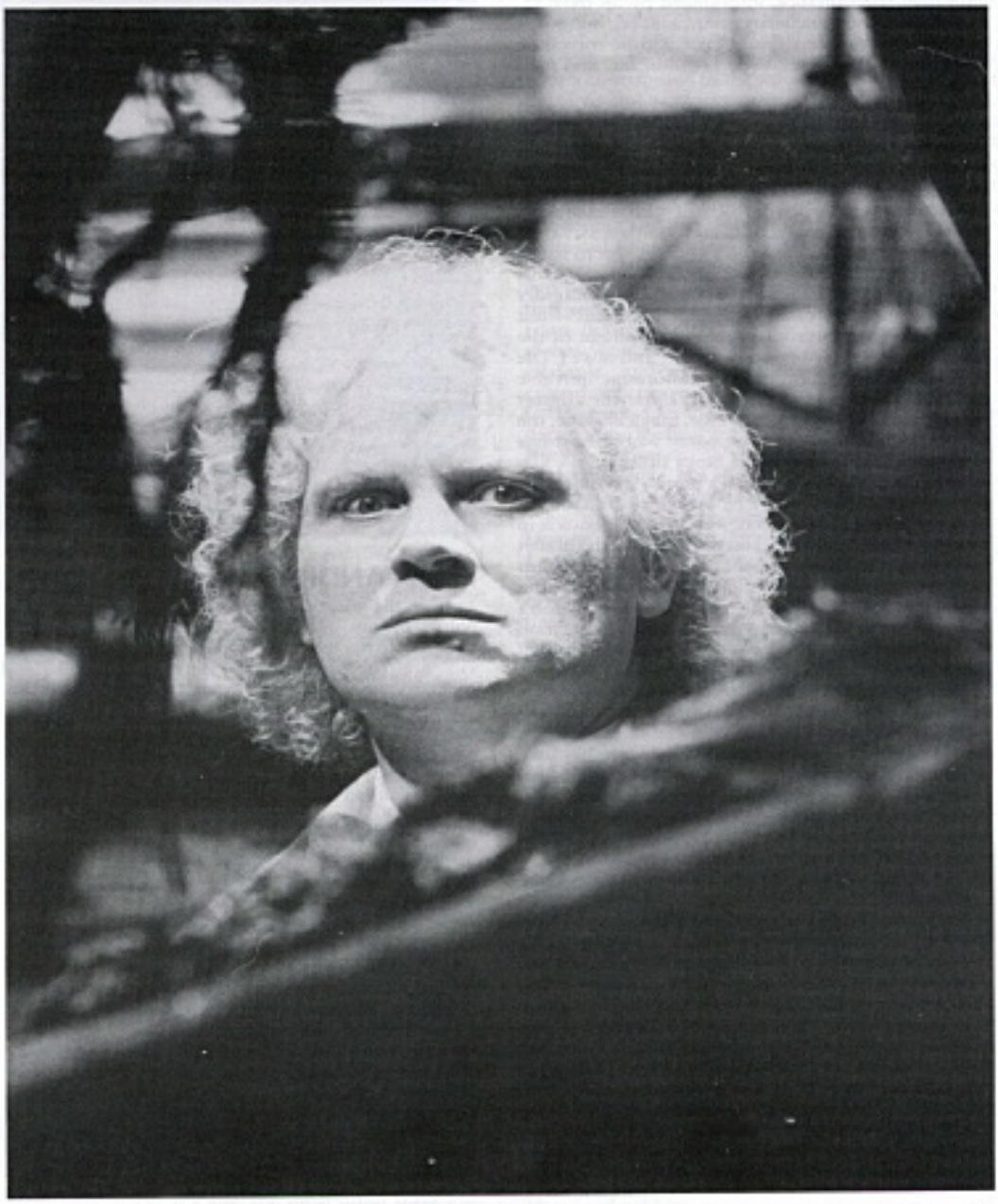
Throughout the Colin Baker years, the good and the lovely keep turning into (or turning out to be) the bad and the ugly. Behind every bearded old Borad there's a nasty monster. Troughton's Doctor becomes an Androgum, Lytton a Cyberman, Stengos a Dalek and Peri a bird, Lord Kiv and almost a Morlox! Gary Cady's Luke Ward and Barbara Ward's Ruth Baxter sprout twigs and leaves, Azmael gets possessed by Mestor, and the Doctor, Mr. Popplewick and the Keeper of the Matrix are all unmasked as the Valeyard.

The ambiguities of these metamorphoses and exposures are at once resolved and intensified when the hero who'd once cowered from Jacondans behind his companion's skirts, comes face to face with his Mr. Hyde. No other Doctor could have spawned (or contained) the Valeyard: while the morally spotless third and fifth Doctors had the Master to act as their nemeses, the sixth was his own worst enemy, his ultimate foe. Tom Baker battled tyranny and oppression, but Colin was at war with himself. He lacked the self-discipline to stick to an exercise plan, and, as we hear in *Slipback*, he showed rather less restraint with the grape than Pertwee managed in Sir Reginald Styles's cellar. Inside this fat Time Lord there'd always been a lean, mean Valeyard aching to get out. In a sense the Valeyard had to be invented to extirpate this Doctor's baser nature: to prove he wasn't to blame for Peri's death (though he'd once tried to strangle her himself), to make it possible for her to live again.

Inhuman though he was, the sixth Doctor displayed the most human trait any Doctor's ever shown — the ability (and the need) to learn from his mistakes. Once he'd begun to eat humble pie (in vast, vegetarian portions), his apologetic fallibility endeared him to millions: but by then his death had been born into the forms of a prosecuting counsel and a BBC controller — both determined (if unable to strip him of his remaining incarnations) to take his current life. Season twenty three set the Doctor on trial in more ways than one, and he paid for his moral victory with his dearest blood — if not Peri's, then his own. The sixth Doctor was sacrificed so that his successor might ensure continuity.

The Colin Baker era was strong on continuity — and strong with continuity too. Although it refused to be bossed about by the programme's past, it capitalized on the best parts, while remaining faithful to the show's spirit and traditions. The Master's recent demise and Victoria's absence from the second Doctor's TARDIS inspired throw-away excuses; and the squat Sontarans grew bulky enough to stand up to the weight of a pair of Doctors (one weightier than the other). The reappearance of the Cybermen and Daleks added to the era's sense of completeness: to some extent, these thirty two episodes act as a gloss on the whole of DOCTOR WHO, a charming precis of the show's best bits. At the same time, these elements were handled in innovative ways — extending the theme of familiar people and places shown in unfamiliar lights. So Davros runs a funeral parlour, while the Master serves as a Time Lady's lackey and the first Davros (like the first two Borads) is a fake, and the previous season's new villain, Lytton, upsets our assumptions when (like Azmael, Dastari and Glitz) he turns out to be one of the good guys.

Rather than any more flashback sequences, the sixth Doctor's stories found new ways to maintain continuity with the programme's past. In *The Twin Dilemma*, *The Two Doctors* and *The Mysterious Planet*, we hear the Doctor's vocal flashbacks to previous incarnations. Hartnell makes his presence felt in Colin Baker's initial lip-gripping hostility;



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Troughton turns up in person; and Pertwee's face makes a surprise appearance on Karfel. Back to its traditional Saturday night slot, the show was returning to its roots: all DOCTOR WHO is here, in this brimming, bursting character and era.

But continuity's not just about the series's consistency with its own history: it's also about forging a future for itself, creating new aspects of internal continuity. The Colin Baker years were no nostalgic retrospective: unsentimentally progressive, they added much to DOCTOR WHO's mythology — most notably to the show's rogues' gallery. Sil, the Rani, Sabalom Glitz and the Valeyard are some of the Doctor's most charismatic and memorable adversaries: to have invented four such super-villains (two of whom reappear in McCoy stories) in just two short seasons is an impressive (and unique) feat. It's almost as if the Meddling Monk, the Master, Davros and Lytton had all first appeared in a season not much longer than Hartnell's first. With its quartets of old enemies and new foes, the Colin Baker era seems almost aggressive in its plenitude.

As a *Guardian* columnist might comment, there's something very 'phallocentric' about these eleven tales: it's not just that their Doctor's so masculine (as his predecessor was almost feminine and his successor practically genderless) — it's that the adventures themselves are so forcefully active and assertive: fast-paced and driven by the dynamics of desire and unbridled performance, epitomized by an over-action hero (Oscar Botcherby preincarnate), hungover but hungry for life's feast. Like a time-travelling Elvis, the sixth Doctor lived fast and fat, and died young.

But there's also something remarkably reasoned and gentle about this brash Gallifreyan. His voice can assume a sincere and thoughtful power: as when he berates his own people's corruption towards the end of his trial. In two other such speeches (similarly characteristic of the pen of Robert Holmes), the sixth Doctor shows a conviction and gentleness rarely seen since Patrick Troughton's great pledge to battle evil in *The Moonbase*. In *The Two Doctors*, his concern for the minutiae of the cosmos is profoundly touching; in The *Mysterious Planet* his stoical — but beautiful — perspective on the development of the macrocosm moves us to wonder and awe. The shifting focus of Colin Baker's panoramic universe sees new galaxies coalesce whilst butterflies flutter by — it's a terrible, unpredictable, magical place, the Matrix of life. It's a surprise party whose host has arrived in the most amazing fancy dress.

This Doctor's clothes aren't simply proof of his poor dress sense — they're an expression of his alienness. That purple cloak we find so hideous is in fact the height of fashion and decorum on the planet Necros. Colin Baker's costume acts as a constant (and loud) reminder that the aesthetic tastes — and moral sensibilities — of the rest of the cosmos don't always coincide with our own. The Rani's justification (that she treats humans no worse than they treat animals) is distressingly coherent — as is Davros's argument for recycling corpses into food. Dastari was just planning for the galaxy's future; and the Vervoids were only acting as came naturally. The worst villains the sixth Doctor meets are his own people (whose actions fall within the scope of his own neglected presidential responsibilities). The galaxy's self-appointed police force and legislature have devastated the Doctor's favourite planet and ordered Peri's death — but, oddly enough, it's only the Doctor's wicked alter-ego who plans to stand against them.

The Colin Baker era's uncanny half-resemblances and half-truths prove a liberating celebration of the history of DOCTOR WHO — a break from our classic, canonical expectations, a revelation, a carnival. If it mirrors reality, then its mirrors invert our psychological, sartorial and geographical expectations, and magnify and distort a thin chap with a one-track moral code into a fat bloke with all kinds of conflicting beliefs. Some find his adventures quite confounding or disturbing; for similar reasons they excite me, with all their settings, accents, tones and themes — a sensual explosion whose tastes jar, and whose colours and concepts invariably clash.

Sophie Street

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I'M STANDING at the photocopier, pressing against the plastic warmth of the cover with the palms of my hands. Hot pages flick out of the machine to my left: government reports on domestic violence, the psychological details of the battered woman syndrome. I'm writing a DOCTOR WHO book.

Since when did WHO get so serious, so real-world, so adult? Since the series got its second wind in 1987. The Doctor regenerates, the series *regenerates*, given a new lease of life. JN-T, already on his way to fresh fields, is called back to the series. He has no Doctor, no Script Editor, no scripts, and perhaps nine months before transmission.

But the disappointments of the *Trial* are behind the series, as are the disruptive conflicts between Producer and Script Editor. The slate has been wiped clean. And it is the late nineteen eighties.

When Andrew Cartmel arrived in January 1987, most of the preparatory work on *Strange Matter* had been done. It was not the type of DOCTOR WHO he wanted to make. Cartmel was "a young, 'right-on' type of bloke", influenced by British SF, British comics, British headlines. He and JN-T immediately struck creative sparks, agreeing on some things, disagreeing on others.

Between the two of them, a new kind of doctor Who began to form. The series was brought back to Earth after its excursions into space opera. Its mythology was junked or rewritten. And it was aimed at a more adult audience — and at the more sophisticated children of the 1980s. These innovations are what makes the era of the Seventh Doctor my favourite.

"I think that by the time I was doing the re-writes on *Dragonfire* we knew what we were after. To begin with we only knew generally, and early attempes didn't quite hit it. In Season twenty five Andrew knew exactly what he wanted from the start and could ask writers for that ." — Ian Briggs

JN-T has described Season 24 as "running on the spot". Everything was moving at breakneck pace. The new Doctor was announced to the world on 27 February 1987. Rehearsals for *Time and the Rani* began on 30th March, the OB taping on 4th April. There was no time to discuss what direction the series should move in. But it was already moving.

Before you take a tin-opener to your copy of *The Trial of a Time Lord*, take a moment to consider the ingredients: Gallifrey and the Time Lords, the Matrix, the Master, Sil, two appearances by Glitz...the series had become tired, contemplating its own navel. Andrew Cartmel, who had "hardly watched it at all" before he came, brought a badly-needed fresh eye to the show. There are reprises in Season twenty four: JN-T's first act in creating the season was to contact Kate O'Mara, and Glitz replaced a similar character in the original draft of *Dragonfire*. But *Paradise Towers* is the first story since *Vengeance on Varos* to contain no references to previous WHO. It was a "conscious junking of old mythology," a trend

That's What I Like

76.72%	The Curse of Fenric
76.54%	Remembrance of the Daleks
66.82%	Ghost Light
58.49%	Greatest Show in the Galaxy
56.71%	Survival
48.75%	Battlefield
46.47%	Dragonfire
40.56%	The Happiness Patrol
38.13%	Silver Nemesis
30.07%	Delta and the Bannermen
28.61%	Paradise Towers
27.18%	Time and the Rani

which would continue with *Delta, Patrol, Greatest Show*. When the old mythology did reappear, it was not the old mythology. The Daleks were sharply redefined, Skaro destroyed, UNIT brought up to date. And most importantly, the Doctor himself came full circle, back to the character he was when the series began: "Not sinister, but slightly more dangerous" than he had been for years. In some ways, *Remembrance* is a rewrite of *An Unearthly Child*, presenting us with the same mystery: who is this alien, and what is he up to? We thought we had all the answers. But not only did we not know the Doctor's past, we did not know the Doctor.

"I wanted to bring back that mystery, and Andrew Cartmel agreed. It was funny, both of us having the same idea at the same time. But such things take a long time. With the first season over, the second was well into the pipeline, so in a sense, what we were discussing back then — the real subtleties — had only just arrived in the third one." — Sylvester McCoy

Character development is not normally a feature of Doctor Who. No matter how great the crisis in one story, there will always be one more... Companions come and go, more or less poured from the same mould, and the Doctor's actions are usually pretty much what you would expect.

This is the most daring and the most exciting thing about the Seventh Doctor: the sharp swerve away from the humorous, the predictable, the comfortable. This Doctor was compassionate, but also manipulative; concerned but distant, humane but not human. If the right thing to do was a terrible thing to do, he would do it. For me, the Seventh Doctor is the most real. One of the first pictures I saw of him was the DWM cover on which he straddles a motorbike; I remember being quite stunned by the down-to-Earth image. This Doctor was not a science fiction cypher wandering pristine white corridors. His stories were set in the real world, or in fantasy worlds with the flavour of reality, "that had garbage on the floor and graffiti, and felt like a real, lived-in environment."

The Seventh Doctor does things which a real person might do: sing, dance, make puns, read banged-up Penguin books, panic, mourn, listen to jazz. The heroes in his stories are feminists, and Communists, and the boy next door who distracts a Cheetah long enough to save Ace's life. And he fights the kind of monsters you might *really* find on the loo in Tooting Bec.

Down the end of my street someone has painted a swastika over the Keep Left sign: a cheerful sight to greet the local immigrants. But we have it easy in Sydney. The last time I was in London a seventeen year old Pakistani was beaten nearly to death, and there were riots in the streets. The Daleks are, of course, Terry Nation's vision of the Nazis. But the neo-Nazis are the threat now, and that's what *Remembrance* is all about: the cosmic fascists are mirrored by their Earthly counterpart, the Association. The same analogy was drawn between real Nazis and the Cybermen in *Silver Nemesis*, and *Survival* contrasted the Darwinism that produced the Cheetahs with the tatty Social Darwinism of Patterson and Midge.

While the alien Doctor confronts alien Nazis, his companion fights human Nazis. Manisha's story in *Ghost Light* is one of the series' most sensitive scenes, beautifully underplayed despite Ace's seething emotions. There is no lecture here, no *Ninja Turtles* moral. All Ace says is, "White kids firebombed it," and we're told everything we need to know, the single line painting a broad stroke of human pain. This is a Who which is very aware of the world in which it is broadcast. Thatcherism was parodied in *The Happiness Patrol* — and the television industry (and, cheekily, fandom) in *Greatest Show*. The Doctor's description of nuclear warfare in *Battlefield* still chills me — the cold war may be over, but the missiles are still there. That's why I'm standing here photocopying stuff about battered women: it's that kind of Doctor Who.

At Panopticon this year, Janet Fielding was brave enough to tell an audience of fans that it might not be such a bad thing that Who was no longer on our screens: perhaps a series which perpetuated such cardboard female stereotypes as the companions didn't deserve to go on. Sitting in the audience, I felt a pleasant smugness. Janet had not seen Ace. There have been strong female companions before, but there has never been a companion as three-dimensional as Ace, a companion who visibly changed in character over the course of two years. If the Doctor was to become more mysterious and alien, his companion had to become more ordinary, more human. With her working-class background, her boombox, Ace is firmly "placed" in the real world. Her personality is drawn from three teenage girls of Ian Briggs' acquaintance, her costume from the pages of *The Face*, her situation from the newspapers. Ace is almost a political statement. Her feminism is not the fake loud-mouthed variety of a Sarah Jane Smith or a Tegan Jovanka, the male image of the strident suffragette. Ace is an eighties woman who's learned to take care of herself, and if you give her any aggro, she'll rivet your kneecaps together.

Sophie Aldred's on-screen rapport with Sylvester McCoy is one of the delights of the era; it reminds me most of the relationship between the Second Doctor and Jamie. They were made for one another, and if Ace is a political figure, so is her mentor: "The Doctor is quite political — he's a pacifist, a man of principle and he abhors corruption and wants to help the world, which he loves. I should imagine he might be a member of Greenpeace!"

It doesn't surprise me that for years before he landed the role, people were telling Sylvester that he'd make a perfect Doctor. I was fuming when Colin was so rudely and pointlessly shown the door. It took Sylv to make everything alright again. The instant he jumped off that table and started babbling about the flicker in sector 13, I knew the Doctor was back. Even in those earlier, lighter stories, Sylv's relentless energy shines through. His Doctor is magnetic, drawing your eye: Alan Wareing describes him as "a great instinctive performer. He's also very inventive and creative, and rehearsals with him are both exhausting and rewarding... He's very keen to create his own Doctor and he's always looking for new angles to develop."

Sylv can play the Doctor both comically and seriously. In Season twenty four, despite the laughs, he's not all sweetness and light: there's a hint of what's to come in *Delta* and in *Dragonfire* when he confronts the villains, especially when he talks Kane to death. On the other hand, in seasons twenty five and twenty six, he's not entirely serious. In the midst of a battle with the universal force of evil, he drops a brick on his foot. His versatility makes it possible for his Doctor to have many sides.

And he's cute, too.

Ghost Light is, of course, the greatest Doctor Who story ever made. It's also the most adult three episodes of Who ever conceived. Not adult as in sex-violence-'n'-swearing, but adult as in complicated. This is a characteristic of the era: the audience is assumed to have a flicker of intelligence, enough perspicacity to follow the narrative without having everything spelt out in black and white. Watch, say, *The Monster of Peladon*, and you'll get politics: you'll also get someone explaining the plot to you every couple of minutes. *Peladon* is classic children's television. *Ghost Light* is classic television.

There were, of course, behind the scenes problems which contributed to the staccato pacing of some of the Seventh Doctor's stories, *Ghost Light* included. Watch the first episode of *Patrol*, and you'll see some of the tightest editing ever done on the series — and no surprise, given that Sylvester was having to turn up to rehearsals in costume and make up between taping *Greatest Show* in the Elstree car park. Strikes, accidents, and the asbestos scare all chewed up rehearsal time vital to getting the timing right. But the script of *The Happiness Patrol* was overlong at every stage of production: the crew must have known that some of it was going to end up on the cutting room floor. In fact, that's par for the course; whole scenes were harmlessly lopped from *Frontios*, for example, and most of the extra footage in the extended *Fenric* is non-essential.

"I like episodes sharply cut, with a strong narrative drive... you really want to get on with a whole lot of story development — not just to hold the attention of the audience, but to make what you are handing them more substantial." — John Nathan-Turner.

For me, the tight editing on some of the Seventh Doctor's stories actually makes them better. *Ghost Light* in particular is like having a wave break over your head: there are so many references, jokes, bits of business, so much stuff going on at any given time...it is more substantial than a story that's padded, or has a great deal of exposition. It's a literary multivitamin. And, as Marc Platt has pointed out, the necessary exposition isn't missing: it's all there, if you're watching. The only story for which editing causes genuine narrative problems caused by editing is *Silver Nemesis*. This is television for adults, and adults can follow complex stories without having explanations spoon-fed to them. Stories like *Ghost Light* are fractal. No matter how many times you watch them, you will notice something new: how many viewings did it take me to spot the line, "Uncle Josiah knows about as much about its secrets as a hamburger knows about the Amazon Desert"?

When I entered fandom, Season twenty four had just been screened in the UK; Doctor Who was about to become an important part of my life, along with university and writing. I was lucky enough to become a fan when Doctor Who was entering one of its most creative periods. The era of the seventh Doctor is innovative, daring, complex; there's a lot to chew on, to think about. *Delta* made me rethink Doctor Who. *Fenric* made me rethink religion.

Because the seventh Doctor's stories are adult, because they talk about the real world, because they re-created Doctor Who: that's why I'm photocopying these pages. Because that's the kind of Who I want to write — and the kind I want to watch. That's what I like.

Kate Orman

LIKES & DISLIKES

Doctor's Order:

		Points:	Percentage:
1	**Tom Baker**	1032	69.17%
2	Patrick Troughton	1497	70.37%
3	Jon Pertwee	1783	68.28%
4	Peter Davison	1849	65.36%
5	William Hartnell	2421	63.98%
6	Colin Baker	2518	52.57%
7	**Sylvester McCoy**	2696	49.59%

Points: 1 for favourite Doctor; 7 for least favourite. Lowest score wins!

Percentage indicates average score of that Doctor's stories in main poll.

A category which seemed set in stone almost from the start, with only third place in question beyond the first fifty forms. At one point Peter Davison did come within two points of over-taking Pertwee, but he never quite managed it...

Favourite Companion:

		Score:	M
1	**Sarah Jane Smith** (Elisabeth Sladen)	904	388
2	Tegan Jovanka (Janet Fielding)	247	169
3	Romana (Lalla Ward/Mary Tamm)	208	161
	Romana II (Lalla Ward)	*177*	*118*
4	Jo Grant (Katy Manning)	172	194
5	Leela (Louise Jameson)	156	105
6	Jamie Macrimmon (Fraser Hines)	148	115
7	Liz Shaw (Caroline John)	140	106
8	Barbara Wright (Jacqueline Hill)	127	79
9	Harry Sullivan (Ian Marter)	92	80
10	Ian Chesterton (William Russell)	76	44
11	The Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney)	63	34
12	Ace (Sophie Aldred)	50	301
13	Peri Brown (Nicola Bryant)	33	125
14	Victoria Waterfield (Deborah Watling)	24	34
	Romana I (Mary Tamm)	*24*	*36*
15	Zoe Herriot (Wendy Padbury)	18	67
	Bernice Summerfield	*15*	*6*
16	Sara Kingdom (Jean Marsh)	1	4
	Frobisher	*1*	*1*
17	Benton (John Levene)	0	2
18	Katarina (Adrienne Hill)	0	0
	Jeremy Fitzoliver	-2	*1*
19	Polly (Anneke Wilkes)	-2	12
20	Ben Jackson (Michael Craze)	-8	10
21	Mike Yates (Richard Franklin)	-10	*5*
22	Nyssa (Sarah Sutton)	-15	85
23	Turlough (Mark Strickson)	-21	77
24	K9 *(John Leeson)*	-36	56
25	Susan Foreman (Carole Ann Ford)	-60	46
26	Kamelion *(Gerald Flood)*	-70	41
27	Vicki (Maureen O'Brien)	-87	62
28	Steven Taylor (Peter Purves)	-96	59
29	Dodo Chaplet (Jackie Lane)	-134	80
30	Adric (Matthew Waterhouse)	-504	282
31	**Melanie Bush** (Bonnie Langford)	-1246	469

Companions receive 3, 2 & 1 points for placing as 'Favourite'; -3, -2, -1 points for placings as 'Least favourite'.

Entries in italics have been added into another (Eg: Romana I/Romana), or are non-TV companions.

M: Number of voters mentioning character.

Ace wins the title of 'Most Controversial Companion' by a mile (with the lowest eventual score considering how many people expressed an opinion on her), though Nyssa was in the running for a while. Indeed, their fortunes seemed bizarrely linked, with Nyssa hovering at +20 and Ace at -20 for several hundred forms, until they suddenly swopped places over the course of about 50 forms. Sophie Aldred may be reassured to know that Ace's mixed fortunes appear to be linked to her NEW ADVENTURES persona, with many voters mentioning them as a reason for disliking her — indeed, some forms listed 'Ace - TV Version' as favourite companion, and 'Ace — NEW ADVENTURES moron' as least favourite. Bernice however has proved universally popular, it seems, though, considering the NEW ADVENTURES results (see later) it's possible that those likely to dislike her simply don't read the books anymore. The degree of Steven's unpopularity came as something of a surprise, as did Susan's, but otherwise most results were fairly predictable, though over-whelming victories for Barbara and Liz had seemed possible in the early days.

As a generalised rule there was little pattern to any individual's likes and dislikes, with one exception — fans of the Pertwee era would frequently list 'Liz, Jo and Sarah' as their three favourites. And, of course, (almost) everyone hates Mel.

Favourite Enemy:

		Score:	M:
1	**The Daleks**	148	161
2	The Cybermen	104	120
3	The Master	64	106
	The Master (Roger Delgado)	*30*	*30*
4	Davros	25	32
5	Sutekh	24	24
6	Sharaz Jek	20	20
7	The Ice Warriors	16	18
8	The Autons	13	15
9	The Sontarans	12	16
10	Scaroth	11	11
	The Zygons	9	11
	The Yeti	6	6
	Magnus Greel	*5*	*5*
	The Silurians	4	8
	Chief Clown	3	3
	Harrison Chase	3	3
	The Krynoid	3	3
	Nyder	2	2
	Robots of Death	2	3
	Tobias Vaughn	2	2
	The War Chief & the War Lords	2	2
	The Mara	1	4
	The Pirate Captain	1	1
	Borusa	1	1
	General Carrington	1	1
	Morgus	1	1
	Tlotoxl	1	1
	The Draconians	1	1
	Solon	1	1
	The Monk	1	1
	The Ogrons	1	1
	The Sea Devils	1	1
	The Master (Peter Pratt)	*1*	*1*
	Professor Kettlewell & Thinktank	0	2
	Fenric	0	2
	The Cyberleader/Eighties Cybermen	*0*	2
	Sixties Cybermen	*0*	2
	Marshall of Solos	-1	1
	The Voord	-1	1
	The Gelguards	-1	1
	The Gods of Ragnarok	-1	1
	The Vardans	-1	1
	The Mechanoids	-1	1
	Metebelis Spiders	-1	1
	The Monoids	-1	1
	Skagra	-1	1
	The Menoptera	-1	1
	The Black Guardian	-1	1
	Professor Zaroff	-1	1
	Tryst	-1	1
	The Destroyer	-1	1
	The Cheetahs	-1	1
	The Malus	-1	1
	The Giant Rat	-1	1
	Kronos	-1	1
	The Garm	-1	1
	Erato (Typhonian)	-1	1
	The Skarasen	-1	1
	Kalid	*-1*	*1*
	Taren Capel	-1	1
	The Jacondans	-1	1
	Morgaine	-2	2
	The Krargs	-2	2
	The Bandrils	-2	2
	Helen A	-2	2
	Deathro	-2	2
	Shockeye & the Androgums	-2	2
	Raston Warrior robot	-2	2
	The Paradise Towers Cleaners	-2	2
	The Moroks	-2	2
	Lady Peinforte	-3	3
	The Terileptils	-3	3
	Viral Nucleus	-3	3
	Soldeed	-3	3
	The Valeyard	-3	13
	Meglos	-3	3
	The Axons	-4	4
	The Tractators	-4	4
	The Plasmatons	-4	4
	The Haemovores	-4	4
	The Dominators & the Quarks	-5	5
	The Myrka	-9	10
	The Krotons	10	11
	The Borad	-10	10
	The Master (Anthony Ainley)	*-11*	*11*
9	Sil	-12	12
9	The Zarbi & the Venom Grubs)	-12	12
8	The Tetraps	-14	14
7	The Nimon	-15	17
5	The Vervoids	-24	26
5	Gavrok & the Bannermen	-24	24
4	Mestor & the Gastropods	-37	37
3	The Kandyman	-52	56
2	The Rani	-54	56
1	The Chief Caretaker/Kroagnon	-71	71

Mentions as least favourite subtracted from mentions as favourite.

Entries in italics have been added to another's total (eg Delgado/Master)

Richard Briers collects a well deserved wooden spoon to go with his infamously wooden portrayal - rarely elsewhere would an opinion prove so unanimous, and I couldn't honestly disagree. As one voter put it — "Richard Briers, a proper grown up actor who should have known better." The decline in popularity of late eighties' villains such as The Rani and Sil is surprising, given their initial popularity — it's certainly odd that none of their erstwhile fans still like them... The poor old Kandyman, on the other hand, does have his fans. At the top of the poll, things are more predictable, with the established greats sharing the honours with a selection of memorable one-off villains. Let's just hope that any prospective WHO producer reading this stops to consider whether resurrecting Sharaz Jek really would be such a sure fire success...

Favourite Writer:

		Score:	M:
1	**Robert Holmes**	358	361
2	Malcolm Hulke	29	31
3	David Whitaker	21	21
3	Terrance Dicks	21	23
5	Eric Saward	16	25
6	Terry Nation	14	25
7	Christopher Bidmead	10	17
8	Kit Pedler & Gerry Davis	6	10
9	Chris Boucher	5	5
10	Robert Banks Stewart	4	4
	Brian Hayles	4	7
	David Agnew	2	2
	Don Houghton	2	2
	David Fisher	2	2
	Christopher Bailey	2	6
	Douglas Adams	2	11
	Ian Stuart Black	1	1
	Peter Ling	1	1
	John Lucarotti	1	1
	Robrt Sloman	0	6
	Barry Letts	0	2
	Anthony Coburn	0	2
	Geoffrey Orme	-1	1

	Robin Bland	-1	1
	Rona Munro	-1	1
	Paul Cornell	-1	1
	Norman Ashby	-1	1
	Steve Gallagher	-1	3
	Neil Penswick	-1	1
	Peter Grimwade	-2	2
	Dennis Spooner	-2	2
	Donald Cotton	-3	3
	Johnny Byrne	-3	3
	Andrew Cartmel	-3	3
	Anthony Read	-4	4
	Ian Briggs	-4	4
	Marc Platt	-4	10
	Bill Strutton	-5	5
10	Bob Baker & Dave Martin	-6	6
9	Philip Martin	-8	10
8	Ben Aaronovitch	-9	16
6	Anthony Steven	-10	10
6	Graeme Curry	-10	14
5	Glen McCoy	-17	17
4	Malcolm Kohll	-20	20
3	Stephen Wyatt	-22	22
2	Kevin Clarke	-60	60
1	**Pip and Jane Baker**	-265	267

Mentions as least favourite subtracted from mentions as favourite.

Entries in italics are pseudonyms or New Adventures authors.

Fairly inevitable this one — it might have been more interesting to have asked for three choices, as many voters suggested. Robert Holmes wins a runaway victory as always, with few others picking up more than a handful of votes. While at the bottom of the chart, I'd begun to feel quite sorry for Pip'n'Jane by the end, and had to go back and correct myself when I entered the one vote in their favour against them out of force of habit! They could at least plead the speed with which their later scripts were written in mitigation, but Kevin Clarke has no such excuse, and few voters had any kind words for him or his three episodes. It's impossible to ignore the predominance of McCoy era writers at the bottom of the chart, but given the generally low regard of DWB readers for that era, it's hardly surprising. Graeme Curry's low placing seems a little unfair (and he does have his fans, I'm glad to say), while the appearance of a handful of New Adventures authors suggests that Ben Aaronovitch and Marc Platt may have been judged more from their books than their scripts…

Favourite Director:

		Score:	M:
1	**Graeme Harper**	157	160
2	Douglas Camfield	138	140
3	David Maloney	101	103
4	Christopher Barry	18	20
5	Peter Grimwade	15	15
6	Derek Martinus	8	8
7	Timothy Combe	5	5
7	Alan Wareing	5	7
7	Barry Letts	5	13
10	Michael E Briant	4	14
	Lovett Bickford	2	4
	Morris Barry	2	6
	Michael Ferguson	1	1
	Ken Grieve	1	1
	Paul Bernard	1	1
	Paul Joyce	1	1
	Waris Hussein	1	1
	John Crockett	0	2
	Mary Ridge	0	2
	Fiona Cumming	0	4
	Michael Hayes	0	4
	Valerie Warrender	-1	1
	George Spenton Foster	-1	1
	Gerald Blake	-1	1
	Terence Dudley	-1	1
	John Nathan Turner	-1	1
	John Black	-1	1
	Mervyn Pinfield	-1	1
	Julia Smith	-1	1
	Matthew Robinson	-2	4
8	Rex Tucker	-3	3
8	Norman Stewart	-3	3
8	Lennie Mayne	-3	7
8	Andrew Morgan	-6	8
6	Kenny McBain	-7	7
6	Michael Kerrigan	-7	9
5	Richard Martin	-13	15
4	Pennant Roberts	-40	45
3	Nick Mallett	-48	49
2	Peter Moffatt	-49	51
1	**Chris Clough**	-176	181

Mentions as least favourite subtracted from mentions as favourite

Entries in italics have never been credited as a director.

Quite a close run thing at the top, though the three front-runners were always streets ahead, while many of Chris Clough's critics noted that *some* of his work had been very good… Richard Martin's sudden prominance at the bottom is surprising, as he didn't even place last time, and is presumably connected to *The Web Planet*'s dizzying fall down the story chart…

Favourite Producer:

		Score:	M:
1	**Philip Hinchcliffe**	324	329
2	Barry Letts	50	95
3	Verity Lambert	20	24
4	Innes Lloyd	18	22
5	Derrick Sherwin	10	12
6	Peter Bryant	-1	9
	Peter Darvill Evans	-1	1
	Peter Cregeen	-2	2
7	Graham Williams	-9	81
8	John Wiles	-14	14
9	**John Nathan Turner**	-352	441

Mentions as least favourite subtracted from mentions as favourite

Entries in italics are not 'real' producers.

Fairly predictable, with Nathan Turner's wooden spoon inevitable from day one. There are, however, three points worth mentioning; Firstly, only a couple of people voted Nathan Turner their favourite producer — but several dozen voted him both best and worst producer!; Secondly, most people listing him as their least favourite producer specified that this was for his later work, and that they'd liked his early seasons; And finally, are Nathan Turner fans likely to be the 'hardcore' DWB-reading fans? Peter Cregeen gets his just desserts for *The Dark Dimension* debacle, while Graham Williams is easily the most contentious producer… Equally, this proved the most controversial category, with several voters expressing a dislike for it, and this has prompted me to wonder why we have a producer category but not a script editor one, when the latter have arguably had as much if not more influence on the show…

Favourite Season:

		Score:	M:	A:
1	**Fourteen**	125	127	79.55%
2	Thirteen	102	104	79.39%
3	Seven	56	57	79.11%
4	Nineteen	41	48	65.42%
5	Five	40	40	79.52%
6	Eighteen	32	40	69.19%
7	Twelve	32	35	72.91%
8	Twenty One	21	22	63.27%
9	Ten	8	15	70.12%
10	One	7	9	86.30%
11	Four	3	3	70.42%
12	Eight	2	9	67.17%
13	Two	1	5	58.37%
14	Three	1	1	64.96%
15	Fifteen	1	7	61.33%
16	Eleven	0	6	63.69%
17	Twenty	0	13	62.77%
18	Twenty Six	0	20	62.25%
19	Sixteen	-1	15	62.47%
20	Twenty Two	-3	29	58.77%
21	Nine	-5	9	63.51%
22	Six	-7	15	60.24%
23	Seventeen	-13	29	58.11%
24	Twenty Five	-19	28	53.43%
25	Twenty Three	-68	79	48.16%
26	**Twenty Four**	-349	352	33.08%

Mentions as least favourite subtracted from mentions as favourite.

A: Percentage is average score of stories in that season in main poll.

Nobody likes season twenty four, it would seem — it received no votes in its favour, though some voters split their 'black mark' between it and another season.

Favourite New Adventure:

		Score:	M:
1	**Timewyrm — Exodus** (Dicks)	535	229
2	Nightshade (Gatiss)	390	188
3	The Highest Science (Roberts)	185	118
4	*Birthright* (Robinson)	92	42
5	White Darkness (McIntee)	81	60
6	Love and War (Cornell)	64	90
7	Cat's Cradle — Witchmark (Hunt)	27	71
8	Lucifer Rising (Lane/Mortimer)	22	45
9	*Bloodheat* (Mortimer)	20	11
10	Deceit (Darvill-Evans)	14	52
11	*Iceberg* (Banks)	7	13
12	Timewyrm — Revelation (Cornell)	-22	140
13	*Shadowmind* (Bullis)	-26	31
14	TW — Apocalypse (Robinson)	-101	89
15	CC — Time's Crucible (Platt)	-111	128
16	Timewyrm — Genesys (Peel)	-135	112
17	Cat's Cradle — Warhead (Cartmel)	-158	137
18	The Pit (Penswick)	-210	120
19	**Transit** (Aaronovitch)	-466	217

Books receive 3, 2 & 1 points respectively for mentions in "Favourite" category; 3, 2 & 1 points respectively are subtracted for mentions in "Least favourite" category.

Books in italics were published after some forms were received.

A clear vote here for the more traditional books, with Paul Cornell establishing himself as a highly controversial figure — whereas opinion on *Exodus* and *Transit*, for example, remained remarkably stable, both Cornell books varied wildly between about +50 and -30 as the results came in, though *Love and War* was consistently the more popular of the two. Oddly enough, while some people disliked both Cornell's books, fans of one tended to be hard on the other… A notable success for *Birthright*, which powered its way straight up the chart, while *Bloodheat* amassed its 20 points in less than two weeks over a fifth of the forms, suggesting that it might have challenge *Exodus* in future polls.

Ten voters specifically stated that they didn't read the New Adventures, as opposed to leaving the spaces blank, while a number of others indicated that they'd given up since the first — a fact which might explain the poor showing of the first seven books, as those dissatisfied with the series haven't read the later ones…

Satire is Not Dead:

The 'Least Favourite Enemy' also attracted the following nominations…

Jon Pertwee	1
Anthony Brown	1
Adric's Wig	1
Pamela Nash	1
Ace	1
Ken Dodd	1
DWB	1
BBC Bureaucracy	2
JNT	6

Also worthy of mention is the New Adventures author who apparently feels that every single story ever produced was either 'Excellent (10)' or 'Appalling (0)'. I won't identify him, as it wouldn't be Politically Correct to state his initials, but he doesn't like any of the Pertwee era…

Anthony Brown

phil 98

phil 93

No.121 News Supplement

RADIO TIMES FRONT COVER!

ITV • C4 • BBC TV & RADIO • SATELLITE
Radio Times
LOOK WHO'S BACK IN 3D
What force for good could bring the Doctor back to TV on his 30th anniversary?
Children in Need!

MARVEL-LOUS...

JOHN CURA'S HIDDEN TREASURE DISCOVERED!

QUITE the biggest breakthrough since the discovery of *Tomb of the Cybermen* in 1992 has been made by Marvel's Doctor Who Magazine, with the breathtaking discovery of virtually every John Cura off-air 'telesnap' taken between episode one of *The Savages* and episode six of *The Wheel in Space*.

Assistant editor Marcus Hearn uncovered the cache of original Cura prints after several months of intensive research. Previously 'telesnaps' had been traced by approaching various directors and designers who utilised John Cura's unique service in the '60s as a way of maintaining detailed records of their work prior to the advent of video, and to date only *The Savages*, *The Power of the Daleks*, *The Highlanders*, *The Moonbase* 1 and 3 and a selection from *The Macra Terror* have been known to exist from missing episodes.

Only *The Enemy of the World* episode four is unrepresented from the span of newly-discovered 'telesnaps', possibly attributable to Cura being ill or away on holiday at the time. It is known that the photographer ended his DOCTOR WHO work with *The Mind Robber*, having documented every episode of DOCTOR WHO in off-screen photo form since the earliest days of William Hartnell, effectively only leaving *The Invasion* 1 and 4 and five episodes of *The Space Pirates* from the Patrick Troughton era undocumented in any visual on-screen form.

TROUGHTON RECREATED

That this find should have occurred so close to the series' thirtieth anniversary is particularly timely, and with around 70 'telesnaps' per episode will fill most of the gaping holes that have until now characterised Troughton's decimated representation in the BBC archives.

DWM editor Gary Russell asserts that the detail in each individual photograph is crystal clear and, as readers of DWB's own photonovel adaptions will testify, almost as good as the real thing! Russell highlights the *Web of Fear* and *Fury from the Deep* 'telesnaps' as being exceptionally impressive examples that will live up to the myths of excellence that have surrounded them all these years, noting in particular the sheer terror evocatively conveyed by the latter. The discovery will also serve to dispel a few widely documented fan assertions about various onscreen details previously served as fact, as well as premiering for the first time some hitherto little seen visual images such as the Chameleons in *The Faceless Ones*.

Marvel will immediately commence publishing the 'telesnaps' one episode at a time, together with a brief episode synopsis, concurrently in Doctor Who Magazine - commencing in issue 207 with *The Tenth Planet* 4 - and Classic Comics, issue 15 of which will premiere episode one of *Fury from the Deep*. Episode two will follow two weeks later in DWM208 and so on, provisionally continuing with *The Evil of the Daleks* and *The Web of Fear*. All stories which are either partly or entirely missing from the BBC Archives between *The Savages* and *The Wheel in Space* inclusive will eventually be covered.

By working to such a schedule readers will be served one episode per fortnight, effectively providing a much-needed shot in the arm for Classic Comics which has seen its sales sloping off on recent months. Russell's commitment to present the 'telesnaps' to a wider audience as soon as possible is laudably inspiring. As he told DWB: "We want to make sure fans see them as quickly as possible, we're not going to hoard them - they're something that everybody has a right to see."

The 'telesnaps' will be presented as pullouts, allowing the reader to detach them from the magazine in order to compile their own, complete photonovels, akin to DWB's *The Highlanders* Photonovel (#s 89-92).

PRESS BACK 'WHO

THE RUN-UP to the 30th anniversary has seen saturation press coverage for DOCTOR WHO of a scale unprecedented for ten years!

The BBC finally went public with news of the Amblin bid on October 28th, two days after many of the tabloids spilled the beans and interestingly only a day before Coast to Coast's rights to produce a DOCTOR WHO movie were finally relinquished after six years of false starts - fuelling anger that the 'bum' deal effectively left the BBC with their hands tied all these years thus preventing the development of the series in any visual capacity. (News of the Amblin bid had, of course, already been extensively documented in these pages long before the tabloid hacks caught on).

Ironically press coverage of the bid on October 26 stole a substantial amount of John Nathan-Turner's thunder when it was finally decided to go public with a *Dimensions in Time* photocall on October 27, resulting in only brief mentions in The Sun and the Star, and only the ever-reliable Daily Mail covering the 'pantomime' in any depth the following day. Details of the eight million special 3D specs, which went on sale the following Saturday in major stores at 99p each (with proceeds going to the appeal), were also unveiled.

However it was news of the Daleks once again bringing London to a standstill that really caught the attention of the press the following Sunday. Hoards of photographers assembled on Westminster Bridge on October 31 to witness a a procession of Daleks trundling across the bridge to the consternation of Sunday morning traffic and irate taxi drivers. Loaned from the collections of various collectors and fan monster makers, they provided an interesting backdrop for a sequence of the THIRTY YEARS IN THE TARDIS documentary featuring original WHO producer Verity Lambert and 'The Granddaughters of WHO', namely Carole Ann Ford, Roberta Tovey and Jessica Carney — real life granddaughter of William Hartnell. *(DWB was also there: see centre pages...)*

•***For the first time** in ten years DOCTOR WHO returned to the cover of Radio Times in style for the 30th anniversary (see above), with the issue containing a 6-page supplement on the history of the series - a first for the 70 year old magazine!*

Dreamwatch Bulletin 121
PO Box 1015
Brighton BN2 2YU

Editor • Anthony Brown
Executive Editor/Newsdesk • Gary Leigh
Design Consultant • Gary Wales
Subscription Manager • Roma Bendel

You've finally got here! It's unusual to find the 'front page' and the index ten pages into DWB, but we wanted to split the regular issue from the anniversary section, and the latter did have the cover...

But despite all the WHO related goings on, the big news for me is the end of the last episode of RED DWARF VI. Now if that isn't the ultimate cliffhanger, then nothing is! And do you get the feeling Grant Naylor have been watching BLAKE'S 7?

ANTHONY

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Cover: Computerised images by Gary Wales; Hartnell by Phil Bevan, Troughton by Brian Hudd and David Miller; Pertwee by Andy Walker; Baker (gothic and whimsy) by Paul Vyse; Davison by Alister Pearson; Colin Baker by Pete Wallbank; McCoy by Johnny Waudby.

Centre pages: Top row - Back on Westminster Bridge - Carole Ann Ford, Verity Lambert, Jessica Carney and Roberta Tovey; (centre, above) Josh, face to face with the Autons; (below) Gerry Anderson catching up on the latest intergalactic news; (right) The recreated Dalek Emperor throne room, with Deborah Watling © Gary Leigh.

***Dimensions in Time* -** (left) Richard Franklin escorts Jon Pertwee in Bessie; (centre) Peter Davison reunited with Nicola Bryant and Sarah Sutton; (right) Elisabeth Sladen © BBC Television.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT: This is a bonus issue of DWB making a grand total of 13 issues produced this anniversary year, a publication frequency we will continue in 1994.

NEXT ISSUE: 1993 OVERVIEW

Jacqueline Hill tribute...A Year of UK Gold (including audience research figures)...Sinking the Flagship: the death of Radio Times?...RED DWARF VI reviewed... BLAKE'S 7 Survey Results...Planet of Evil... & MUCH MORE!!

DWB122 (January 1994) out Dec' 21.

'BAYWATCH IN SPACE' REPORTS DISMISSED

BAYWATCH actor David Hasselhoff, in Britain recently to promote his new single, guested on the Jakki Brambles show on Radio 1 on October 28 and was quick to dispel rumours linking him with the negotiations currently taking place between the BBC and Amblin Entertainment regarding the future of DOCTOR WHO.

Tipped by the press as a main contender for the role of the Doctor if Steven Spielberg takes on the series, Hasselhoff laughed off the suggestion, although he conceded that he would like to work with the most famous living movie director in the world. The report has also been strenuously denied by BBC insiders as "wishful thinking", maintaining that the BBC are stipulating that a recognisably British actor be cast as part of their terms.

On the same morning Gary Russell, editor of DOCTOR WHO Magazine, stressed the caution felt by many fans worried at the implications posed by the mooted co-production on the BBC's BREAKFAST TIME, opposite Tony Greenwood of BBC Enterprises who was clearly more enthusiastic about the potentially lucrative financial prospects which could be in store. Russell also stated his concern at rumours that Spielberg was out to purchase the rights to DOCTOR WHO from the BBC lock, stock and barrel, highlighting the feature film *Hook* as an artistically disastrous example of Spielberg's attempt at something "quintessentially British."

Press reports have also suggested that each 22-episode season would have a budget of around $35 million, or £1 million per fifty-minute episode on a par with STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION, but until the mountain of legal documents and contracts have been examined in detail and have been fully negotiated by both sides, which could run into many months yet, any further press reports until then should be strictly regarded as hearsay...

•**Proving** that he is the most approachable Controller BBC1 has seen in a long, long time, in a personal, signed reply to DWB reader Andrew Hallam, Alan Yentob confirmed: *"Believe me, DOCTOR WHO may not be back on the air in a new series (incidentally, I put the repeats on BBC2), but I spend a good deal of my time writing to viewers who care about the Doctor. We are looking into possibilities for reviving the series — any decision would be dependent on co-production partnership. The odds are anyone's guess and we could easily be unsuccessful so I can't really offer you anymore hope than that at present."*

REPEATS: FIRST FIGURES

OVERNIGHT FIGURES compiled by BARB indicate that 4.25 million viewers watched episode 2 of *Planet of the Daleks* on BBC1, a significant improvement on the 3.75m for episode 1. The last recorded figure for TOMORROW'S WORLD in the Friday evening 7.30pm 'deathslot' against CORONATION STREET was 4.75m, not much more than the twenty year old repeat which is also showing signs of outrating the last transmitted season of all-new McCoy episodes shown in a similar slot back in 1989...

'BARRETT' COMES CLEAN

Anthony Goodman, alias 'Roger Barrett', has confessed that he deliberately set out to fool fans into believing that *Tenth Planet 4* existed. "They're all fools for falling for it", the BBC employee quipped during his silhouetted interview for the missing episodes slot on November 19.

Goodman, of Watford Way in North West London, arranged on several occasions to obtain cash for the non-existent episodes, and even tricked the BBC last year into believing he owned it.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A one year subscription (12 issues) costs £33/US$69 (or £36/$79 for first class card-reinforced envelopes). Make cheques/POs payable to 'DWB' and send to *DWB Subscriptions, 5 Whitegate Gardens, Harrow-Weald, Middlesex HA3 6BW.*
CLUBS & LOCAL GROUPS: Purchase DWB in bulk for your members at 50p off the cover price (min. 6 issues). SAE to P.O. box for details.

ADVERTISING RATES AND CONDITIONS: Classified ads - £3.95 for up to 45 words (10p per additional word). FAN: one page (A4 camera ready) £140; half page (192x130/93x265mm) £70; quarter page (93x130/44x265mm); £35; sixth page (61x130mm) £25; eighth page (44x130mm/93x63mm) £18. COMMERCIAL: one page £180; half page £90; quarter page £45; sixth page £32; eighth page £23. •Full colour rates available on request. •Prices inclusive of VAT. •15% discount available for three or more insertions. •10% discount for charity-related ventures. •Adverts must be camera ready and of a tidy appearance, surrounded by a neat black box conforming to the exact dimension. Adverts which do not comply to this criteria will be returned.

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IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO GIVE TO 'CHILDREN IN NEED'

Gary Leigh comments on the lack of one vital ingredient in DOCTOR WHO's involvement with Children In Need...the fans!

CHILDREN IN NEED's Nick Handel has acknowledged that the appeal may have lost out on thousands of pounds...by not targetting DOCTOR WHO fans in the run-up to the annual event.

Handel contacted DWB on November 9 to discuss the magazine's pledging of up to £500, which I stated was being done as a token gesture to compensate for what I interpreted to be a gross lack of foresight which could otherwise have netted the appeal in excess of at least £20,000.

No-one can deny that the obsessive secrecy surrounding the *Dimensions in Time* has effectively stifled interest within fandom, yet had the CiN office sought the involvement of fandom months earlier then we would have had time to coordinate a fundraising strategy on a massive scale, the results of which could have been revealed prior to the 12-minute 'pantomime' going on air and thus justifying its inclusion, as I pointed out to Handel. In the event, *Dimensions in Time* will contribute comparatively little to the evening's fundraising, and it could even be argued that the £40,000+ it cost to make would have been better spent as a donation instead!

I explained that DOCTOR WHO fans have a higher-than-average level of disposable income, sometimes spending in excess of £50 a month on DOCTOR WHO-related merchandise, and that DOCTOR WHO fandom has a proven and consistently impressive track record in raising thousands of pounds for charity in the past through sponsored events and charity auctions.

John Nathan-Turner's barring of DOCTOR WHO Magazine from covering the event, **after it had been invited by the Children In Need office**, was cited as being possibly the most counter-productive measure, serving only to alienate the most vocal and influential DOCTOR WHO-related outlet of all - a shortsighted and arguably selfish act that may well have deprived the appeal of several thousands of pounds had they otherwise sensibly liased with Marvel and formulated a fundraising strategy among its readers.

The points raised appear to have been accepted by Handel, who is now urging fans to dig deep into their pockets and give to Children In Need. The CiN phonelines will remain open for several weeks after November 26, or you can send your pledges to Nick care-of:

Children In Need,
BBC TV,
Room DG15, Centre House,
56 Wood Lane,London W12 7SB.

•DWB has split its pledge into four 'challenges' based on suggestions from readers. The first, an interview with EASTENDERS Executive Producer Leonard Lewis for £100, has already been accomplished this issue; the second, for another £100, is for the release of photographs from the sketch into the fan domain (and Children In Need were only too happy to oblige - see centre pages!); for £150 we have challenged Alan Yentob, Controller of BBC1, to talk to DWB, and the invitation is currently being considered at a higher level; and lastly, having deprived *Dimensions in Time* some valuable publicity while having garnered some for himself, and being one of the few crew members to have been paid a salary for his involvement, we feel it only appropriate that John Nathan-Turner should be challenged to put his money where his mouth is and match our final pledge of £150!

The cheque, so far totalling £200 on behalf of DWB's readers, will be sent on November 23...

OFFICIAL: *DIMENSIONS IN TIME* CLASSED AS A PANTOMIME!

FORGET 'skit', ignore 'sketch', certainly don't even *consider* it a part of the official DOCTOR WHO canon. No less an authority than the BBC itself has deemed, from the evidence to hand, that *Dimensions in Time* can only be described as...a pantomime!!

In the BBC's 30th anniversary DOCTOR WHO press release, which describes all the related activities taking place to mark the event, it is stated: *"...Even the BBC's annual fundraising event is getting in on the act with two short **pantomime** episodes of DOCTOR WHO, which finds the TARDIS landing in Albert Square..."*

Although shot as a serious drama, it is reported that the results of the 'pantomime' are such that the BBC was again seriously considering including audience laughter as was originally planned when it was first mooted as an *intentionally* hilarious send-up!

The first glimpse of what lay ahead came in John Nathan-Turner's 110-second documentary, as part of Children In Need's Sunday afternoon preview on November 7. Heralded by the words *"And...action"* from Gary Downie, it then displayed a garbled assortment of behind-the-scenes footage - including Andrew Beech tripping over his Time Lord regalia on Albert Square! - and Nathan-Turner himself proudly proclaiming his "executive model" 3D goggles as "producer's perks"!

For the piece Nathan-Turner credits himself as "Producer DOCTOR WHO", an apparently defiant move on his part since the title was dispensed with in 1990 when the production office was closed down. Officially he was employed by the Children In Need office on a short-term contract to produce *Dimensions of Time*, and the post of producer of DOCTOR WHO will not again be properly recognised until such time as the programme

Peak Time for Documentary!

•THE DECISION to 'promote' THIRTY YEARS IN THE TARDIS - BBC1's showpiece celebration of DOCTOR WHO - to the covetted primetime slot of 8.00pm on Monday, November 29 is apparently due to a scheduled programme from the Comedy Department falling through, at least according to the modest team behind the DOCTOR WHO documentary. Rumours of a more feasible kind, however, suggest that the Sixth Floor - so impressed at early cuts of footage - immediately acted to ensure that Kevin Davies's masterpiece would have the exposure it deserved!

•A SIX-SECOND clip from episode 6 of *The Power of the Daleks* which premiered in the documentary - featuring exploding Daleks - was discovered in an ancient archive programme about BBC sound effects...

•BBC VIDEO's January releases, *Planet of Evil* and *Dragonfire*, have been brought forward slightly and will be out December 29, the first day of full trading after the Christmas holiday.

With new releases returning to a bi-monthly schedule, budget re-releases are being prepared to fill the intervening months. The first three - *Day of the Daleks*, *The Ark in Space* and *Pyramids of Mars* - will be complete, episodic versions (i.e. unedited), released on February 7 and retailing at the bargain price of £7.99...

•RESURRECTION OF THE DALEKS and *The Two Doctors* reached numbers eight and nine respectively in the Gallup video chart in November, clearly hindered by overhyped releases of *Bodyguard* and Ian Levine's former pop group *Take That!*

•APOLOGIES to Beeb Vid for doubting *The Two Doctors* would materialise on a single tape, and at £10.99 - though even their press office is at a loss to explain this minor miracle! One now eagerly awaits *The Green Death* in March to see whether this was just a flash in the pan, but the fact remains - they **can** do it...

•HMV really know their WHO! Their current Christmas catalogue lists a "three video" package as *DOCTOR WHO - The Trial of the Lord Tin...*

•DWAS is looking for a new Co-ordinator following the unexpected resignation of Steve Wickham. Explaining that his three years in the post *"...is long enough for anyone to give of their time and energies..."*, one rather suspects that his decision was swayed by a society desperately seeking to shed its intolerant image, which reached a head under Wickham's stern leadership. During a reign which admitted censorship of its members' own contributions - refusing, for example, to publish letters even mildly critical of the Society's products or methods - Wickham also oversaw the proliferation of the first ever blatantly "profit-making" arm of the society, Dominitemporal Services Ltd.; publication of libellous references to former DWAS exec. members (who also had their 'life' memberships terminated on the dubious grounds of unnecessary expense); and the spiteful banning of this magazine's publisher from DWAS events. We wish him a graceful retirement...

•TITAN have announced the 1994 schedule for their DOCTOR WHO Scriptbook range. In addition to *The Pirate Planet* and *The Abominable Snowmen*, both still beset by uncertainties over the exact dates of publication, two Hartnell scripts have been confirmed for later in the year; *Galaxy Four* in September with *The Crusades* a month later...

•VIRGIN have scheduled the first in the new Missing Adventures series (so far unconfirmed) *(Cont'd overleaf...)*

Coming Soon...

Just out...

22nd **NEXT GENERATION:** *Lessons, The Chase* (video)
22nd **NEXT GENERATION:** *Frame of Mind, Suspicions* (video)
25th ***DOCTOR WHO Magazine 205*** (£2.50, full colour throughout)
25th ***DOCTOR WHO Magazine Winter Special*** (£3.25)
26th ***Dimensions in Time*** episode one (BBC1)
27th ***Dimensions inTime*** episode two (BBC1)
29th ***THIRTY YEARS IN THE TARDIS*** (8.00pm, BBC1)

December

2nd **QUANTUM LEAP** — ***The Wall*** (Ashley McConnell)
19th ***DOCTOR WHO CLASSIC COMICS 14***
16th **THE NEW ADVENTURES:** *The Left Handed Humming Bird* (Kate Orman)
16th DOCTOR WHO reprint: *The Web of Fear* (Terrance Dicks)
12th **NEXT GENERATION:** *Here There be Dragons* (John Peel)
20th? *Paradise of Death* part one (repeat, continues daily, Radio Two) **or**
27th? *Paradise of Death* part one (repeat, continues daily, Radio Two)
29th **DOCTOR WHO:** ***Dragonfire*** (video)
29th **DOCTOR WHO:** ***Planet of Evil*** (video)

January

THE NEW ADVENTURES: *Conundrum* (Steve Lyons)
DOCTOR WHO reprint: *The Robots of Death* (Terrance Dicks)
DOCTOR WHO reprint: *The Talons of Weng Chiang* (Terrance Dicks)
SURVIVORS: *Law and Order/The Future Hour* (video)

•Bold - first release. *Italics - fiction title.*

Briefly(cont'd)

July 1994, with the series commencing bi-monthly alongside the continuing monthly releases of The New Adventures.

With reprints abandoned for the time being, a range of Limited Edition books are being proposed for 1994, each comprising five thematically-related DOCTOR WHO television novelisations already available under one lavishly-bound hard cover, complete with internal colour illustrations.Virgin are currently investigating the feasibility of offering the books on an exclusively mail-order basis...

•FANS of New Adventures *Genesys* and *Transit* will be disappointed to learn that the BBC have reportedly brought pressure to bear on Virgin for its over-reliance on the F-word and such like, insisting that language of this kind has no place in the WHO-niverse! With criticisms from fans also reaching a head, the company has instructed the authors to tone down on gratuitous references to all things carnal...

•CYBERTECH, the musicians behind the rave version of the DOCTOR WHO theme music as used on *Dimensions of Time*, will include it on their first album - comprising "thematic and atmospheric music inspired by DOCTOR WHO" - released at the end of January. Everyone who supports the release by subscribing to the CD in advance - at £13.99 including P+P - will be acknowledged in the sleeve notes. For further details, call (061) 902 3589...

•SOPHIE ALDRED opened an exhibition of props and memorabilia at Stevenage Museum of October 16, set to run until June 1994. Call (0438) 354292 for details...

•POWERCON '94 will be a major South East-based DOCTOR WHO convention to be held in the summer or autumn of 1994. Planning is at an early stage and the organisers want to hear from anyone who'd like to be involved in the project. Write to The PowerCon Committee at 5 Clive House, 155 Lower Addiscombe Road, Croydon, Surrey CR0 6PW...

•SPACE MOUNTAIN III last month raised £2,500 for The Lung Foundation in memory of Alan Disdale. If demand is strong enough, the organisers have decided to stage another next year...

•PRIOR to their appearance at Visions over the anniversary weekend, John Nathan-Turner and Gary Downie had the opportunity to unwind for a few days from the hectic last few months' involvement on *Dimensioons in Time* - as the billed star guests on the DOCTOR WHO 30th Anniversary *Cruise* around Florida's coast! It's a hard life...

•WELL, it *is* party time - latest WHO joke currently doing the rounds: What's bright pink with diagonal purple stripes, contains two words and crosses the Atlantic at the speed of light? JNT's C.V. on its way to Steven Spielberg...

•RED DWARF V - Hollyship is released by BBC Video on February 2 along with tape six of *The Survivors* which will contain the final *three* episodes of the first season, adding credence to fears that BBC Video will not progress to the second season due to poor sales...

•AMID rumours that publishing company Fleetway are in financial strife comes news that the *Smegazine* has been cancelled due to poor sales...

•BBC2 ran QUANTUM LEAP'S 90-minute Lee Harvey Oswald episode on November 22 to mark the 30th anniversary of Kennedy's assassination. The rest of Season 5 will follow in the New Year...

•THE OLD VIC has been announced as the venue for Patrick Stewart's one-man version of *A Christmas Carol*. The box office number is (071) 928 7616 and the performance schedule runs December 28 - January 8 at 7.30pm, with 2.00pm matinees on Thursday and Saturdays and a Sunday matinee on January 2 at 4.00pm. No performance on Mondays.

STAR TREK - VOYAGER LAUNCHES JAN '95

(IF PARAMOUNT CAN GET THEIR NETWORK OFF THE GROUND)

PARAMOUNT have released some details about the proposed TREK spin-off series STAR TREK: VOYAGER as part of a more general publicity push on behalf of the studio's announcement that it is going to launch a 5th television network in partnership with Cris-Craft Industries. Actually, this may be a sixth network, which is clearly at least one too many for the market to bear, and thereby hangs the tale.

Rumours that Paramount would either seek to buy NBC, one of the original three national television networks, or else start its own network have circulated for several years. The decision to jump into the fray at this time is taken to in part be an attempt to make a move favourable to Viacom's friendly bid to buy Paramount, which has been challenged by a hostile bid from QVC and TCI. A television network of new independent stations is seen as a very attractive match for Viacom, which already owns rights to a lot of programming.

However, Fox already gobbled up many of the strongest independent stations when it formed the first new network over five years ago and there are not that many cities that have more than one independent station. To lengthen the odds, Warners announced almost immediate that IT is launching its own television network, something it has had in mind for several years as a home for its programming now offered as Primetime Network syndication. These programs include TIME TRAX and BABYLON 5. Warners has entered into a partnership for this purpose with Tribune Entertainment, which already owns seven major television stations. Warners claims it will have its network in operation by Fall of 1994. Paramount's start date for its new network and for STAR TREK: VOYAGER is January, 1995.

Analysts predict either network will have difficulty reaching the minimum coverage of 70-75% of the country which is taken to be necessary for a network. Advertisers are even more demanding, tending to speak in terms of 90% coverage as necessary to make the network attractive to them. Neither studio starts out having more than 28% of the country covered in conjunction with their partners. Clearly, they will be battling toe to toe for the dwindling list of unattached stations.

Paramount has said that it will begin with just two hours of programming on two nights for its network, but the only series thus far announced draws upon the studio's "franchise" once again. Rick Berman has announced that the network will be home to STAR TREK: VOYAGER, a series to be set in the same time frame as TNG and DS9. DS9 will apparently continue as a syndicated series, which may be why the structure of VOYAGER will not lend itself to cross-over stories.

Information released so far indicates that the action will begin when a new class of Starfleet vessel gives chase to a shipload of renegade Starfleet officers. Both ships fall into a sort of Bermuda Triangle in space and end up many light years away in an "astronomical phenomenon" at the very edge of the galaxy, according to Berman. The two crews join together to explore and to seek a way back home. This will presumably build in some of that conflict which Berman and Piller have said is missing in the TNG crew.

There will be a captain (of course), but Berman claims no decision has been made about that officer's gender or background, despite all the rumours that have circulated that there would be a woman as Captain in the next series. Beyond that, it is clear that the crew will have the sort of diverse background familiar to Trek fans. One crew member will be a middle-aged Vulcan (Spock come home), another will be a half-human, half-Klingon woman (hey, killing K'Ehlyr WAS stupid), a Native American and a character who is a hologram.

The decision to include a Vulcan appears to break the ban on Vulcans installed in TNG by Gene Roddenberry, who was reluctant to repeat so obviously elements of the original series. He had also intended to stay away from Klingons and Romulans, but that was before Worf emerged as such a good character, and before the original introduction of the Ferengi flopped so resoundingly. Still, the only Vulcans to feature in stories were Spock himself and his father, Sarek. Other Vulcans have been seen in passing as background extras or the occasional Doctor or Admiral.

On the other hand, by most rankings, the Klingon stories have been among the best TNG has had to offer, so Berman's announcement that we are NOT going to be seeing Klingons and Romulans in VOYAGER has come as a surprise. The cast is trapped in unfamiliar space and will be encountering new alien species. One can almost predict however, many battles between that middle-aged Vulcan and an "illogical" resident half-Klingon woman. Whether or not either Starfleet crew would include cadets is not clear. A persistent rumour has been that the next series would feature a crew of young cadets and that Wil Wheaton might be among them.

SHATNER CHALLENGED OVER 'HIS' MEMORIES

SOME OBJECTIONS to William Shatner's view of events surrounding the development of STAR TREK as recounted in *Star Trek Memories* have begun to appear.

Shatner had claimed in the book that Grace Lee Whitney, who played Yeoman Rand during the first half of the first season of STAR TREK, was an alcoholic whose performances were so badly affected by her drinking problem that her parts had to be re-written for others to cut down her role and that she was finally fired because her work was so badly affected.

Whitney has made no secret of her former problems with liquor and drugs — in fact she often gives talks as a motivation speaker urging those with similar addictions to seek help. Shatner professes admiration for how she has turned her life around, but several of his former co-stars don't remember the past quite the way he does. A national news show interviewed Whitney just as Shatner's book came off the presses and both Leonard Nimoy and Jimmy Doohan were asked to comment on Shatner's recollections for the show. Nimoy said he had thought she was very good in the role and had never been aware she had a problem. He also said that if she had been fired, he did not know about it at the time. Doohan was much more openly scornful of Shatner's story, saying many rumours circulated at the time and the one he remembers is that Shatner got the character written out because he wanted Captain Kirk free to pursue alien romances. Rand was originally intended to be the Captain's love interest.

In another development, Bjo Trimble responded to Shatner's story that he and Nimoy were shocked and dismayed when Roddenberry tried to insert a medallion into a third season story because he wanted to market some jewellery that his mail order company, Lincoln Enterprises, had gotten. According to Shatner, he and Nimoy objected to the use of this IDIC medallion as affecting the integrity of the show and only gave in after protracted arguments and rewrites.

In her *Space Time Continuum* newsletter, Trimble (known as the fan who started the letter writing campaign to save the show after the second season cancellation notice) says that she was interviewed twice by Shatner over the telephone for the book, but this subject was never discussed. Although Shatner says that the company was being run by Roddenberry's lawyer, Trimble says that she and her husband actually set up the company and were there when the IDIC was originated. According to her, Gene was a hobbyist jewellery designer and thought having a Vulcan design would be great. The Trimbles said that fans would not be interested unless they saw it on TV. "So he looked for a good time to introduce the IDIC, not to change the validity of an episode just to sell something." She adds that Roddenberry was being pushed aside at that time by Paramount so it may be possible that the actors saw it as Gene opting out of STAR TREK voluntarily. "We never understood why the actors resented Gene making a profit off his own creation, but it is now obvious that Nimoy & Shatner certainly did."

KEEP *'WHO* BRITISH!!

Philip Harrison
Cheshire
I can't say I was over the Moon about Amblin's bid to make DOCTOR WHO. Does the BBC think that to revamp the series successfully it has to be made abroad? The BBC seems to think that unless DOCTOR WHO goes all-American, people won't watch - and we all know that all WHO ever needed was a classic Doctor and good scripts.

After such a long wait it would be a shame for the series to reappear in a manner similar to the STAR TREK spin-offs and SEAQUEST DSV (which, being as it is made by Amblin, doesn't exactly inspire confidence); full of undramatic plots short on action and long on endless character studies - and of course the obligatory whizzkid genius! STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION and DEEP SPACE 9'S success is built on the legacy of the original series, attracting as they have done the fans of Kirk and Co., but for WHO to succeed it will take more than USA-style Daleks and Cybermen to keep audiences tuning in.

The solution is closer to home: it is imagination that DOCTOR WHO needs, not mega bucks. It has always coped admirably on its budget - monsters, holograms, spaceships...we've had them all, and better! It's hard to see what the US series' million-dollar budgets are spent on - it certainly isn't on funny foreheads!

DOCTOR WHO is a quintissentially **British** programme and no amount of money can ever capture that unique quality that has made it such a well-loved British institution. Let's keep it that way. I can't see why not, can you?

Lee Bagnall
Newcastle Upon Tyne
Am I the only one horrified at the prospect of an American-produced series of DOCTOR WHO?

While in a way I'm pleased that the programme may be coming back, I don't want Spielberg to turn it into a clone of STAR TREK: THE NEXT GENERATION (i.e. lots of flashy FX, poor scripts, cardboard cutout stereotype [non] characters and a happy ending every story).

If all the rumours are true (David Hasselhoff as the Doctor, an ex 'Benny Hill' girl as companion and JNT as advisor - I thought we'd got rid of *him*!), I for one will not be watching a humourless, soulless shadow of a once popular programme...

Duncan Steele
Aberdeen
Oh joy, oh joy, the Doctor is returning...but hang on, it's *Planet of the Daleks*, not one of Pertwee's handful of greats. The *Carnival of Monsters* lobby starts here!

The best news must surely be that Steven Spielberg wants to make big budget WHO. Yes, it will almost be as good as the first two episodes of SEAQUEST DSV. Maybe the Doc (he'll **have** to be called Doc now) could travel with a token coloured person, fat jovial man, intellient brat and a robot Macra...

JN-T's GESTURE TO THE FANS?

As a small addendum to DWB119's report (*JNT Taking Revenge*...), I wondered whether you were aware of the ubiquitous Mr. Nathan-Turner's contribution to the DOCTOR WHO/charity book *Drabble WHO*, entitled 'Who's Sorry Now'? It is a curious title - it bears no relation to the story (sic) that follows, yet in the light or recent events I can't help wondering whether this is his own gesture to all those fans who questioned his reign...

PS: David Hasselhoff as the Doctor? I'd rather watch BAYWATCH!

Jonathan Smith
Cambridge
I'd like to comment on the suggestion that JNT may be in the process of having the Children In Need skit canonized. Now I'm no big JNT critic - as my poll results will testify - but this *is* a little silly. I can understand Nathan-Turner's desire to have his work recognised seriously at the BBC (he is, after all, a professional in need of regular employment and carrying rather a tarnished image), but to have 'DOCTOR WHO meets EASTENDERS' - which is what this is, despite any number of flashy titles - recognised as the official thirtieth anniversary McCoy story creates all number of problems. Will 'David Rodan' novelise it next year? Will In-Vision devote it an issue? I don't think so. Can you imagine the entries in the next attempted DOCTOR WHO A-Z? Albert Square, the Queen Vic...I shudder to think!

Nice as it will be to see all five remaining Doctors on the screen, *Dimensions in Time* (yuk!) is a 12-minute skit designed to raise money for charity. It's no more part of the DOCTOR WHO canon than Colin Baker's appearance on JIM'LL FIX IT. I hope desperation for new material doesn't cloud everyone's judgment...

More critical am I of DWB now for Stephen Cole's dismissive review of the recently published *Time Frame* collection. As the cover of this book testifies, it is 'the illustrated history of DOCTOR WHO', and to condemn the book on the basis of its written material is ridiculous as the text is only there to give an idea of those unfamiliar with the series of what happened in that year's particular stories.

Well designed, lavishly illustrated, more a nine out of ten I would have thought. Just think, you could have had Peter haining's 'Thirty Glorious Years' instead!

I enjoy DWB immensely and look forward to each issue to brighten a month consumed by academic concerns. Keep up the great work!

Leigh Hunt
Surrey
I have to agree with Stephen Cole, *Time Frame* is a major disappointment. From some of the previews I'd hoped the book would be a celebration of WHO art, and in particular the Target book covers. Somehow I don't think I'll ever get the book I want unless I compile it myself...

Paul Redfearn
Surrey
I just thought I would drop you a line to congratulate you on your first DWB book, *The DWB Compendium - The Best of the First 100 Issues* . I've never missed a DWB since my first issue (DWB24/25), so most of the material was familiar to me. Even so, the new additions and updated material is easily worth the cover price, the *Dalek Invasion of Earth* article and gorgeous accompanying photographs being of particular note. Being devoid of news and the topical debate of the letters pages - features that one would most strongly identify with the magazine - the book serves to highlight the sheer depth and quality of the written material over the years.

Guy Wainer
Bath
Can I congratulate you on the sheer volume and detail of *The DWB Compendium*? The whole piece must rank as one of the best reference works I've read and wins hands down over the most recent hardback book I've just bought on the history of DOCTOR WHO illustrations. I've bought every copy of DWB since issue 20 and this must rank as the best edition yet!

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PLANET OF THE DALEKS

ON THE FACE OF IT, we shouldn't be surprised. Right up until the publication of the relevant *Radio Times*, the "smart" money was still on *The Seeds of Doom* for the BBC1 30th Anniversary repeats (although personally I would have preferred *The Talons of Weng - Chiang*), but since the public perception is that the Daleks are DOCTOR WHO, any story featuring them would be deemed of far more "interest" to the "casual viewer". Unfortunately, with *Genesis of the Daleks* recently rescreened by BBC2, the Corporation decision-makers were left with only one six-part story not wholly in black and white, whilst on the latter point episode 3 being monochrome can't have helped. And that's not all...

It is often forgotten that *Planet of the Daleks* is really only half a story. Just as *Talons* is a four-parter with an immediate two episode sequel, so *Planet* is structured as the second half of a twelve-part epic which begins with *Frontier in Space*. It was an attempt — in the tenth anniversary year — to emulate *The Daleks' Masterplan*, and one should not be deceived by the fact that *The Three Doctors* was made between the two halves, as the final sequences of *Frontier* were shot with the early scenes of *Planet*. That said, they must have been a very rushed effort, judging by the unbelievable number of shots where the castors on which the TARDIS set walls were moved around and even the huge hinges for the main doors are plainly visible!

All things considered, then, it will come as no surprise if many casual viewers — bored with CORONATION STREET — were totally mystified by the first episode: The Doctor is lying injured (for no readily apparent reason), and upon being helped into the TARDIS by Jo, he immediately takes off (for no readily apparent reason), before sending a telepathic message to the Time Lords (for no etc.....). He then collapses onto the single bed of his snazzy MFI flat-pack wardrobe unit (what was designer John Hurst thinking of?!?) and stays there long enough for Jo to go wandering off in search of the plot. Of the latter, the least said the better, but unfortunately this is supposed to be a review...

Pertwee-bashing has become something of a major sport in certain circles, so it will probably annoy the postfandomists out there when I refuse to follow the corny old routine of heaping all the blame for a story's failure on his shoulders alone. When he had a good script, he could be pretty good (check out *Ambassadors of Death* some time), but when it was bad he could be pretty awful or — at best — indifferent. In *Planet* Pertwee hovers somewhere above the latter which is fortunate because it stops the whole thing being a total and utter failure. In her third season, Katy Manning is pretty much at home, and there is little to fault her performance, although one does occasionally find the overly affectionate relationship between Jo and the Doctor bordering disturbingly on the incestuous.

In Jo's absence, the sudden exhaustion of the TARDIS oxygen supply (announced by a very dated typefaced message on the scanner) highlights perfectly that Terry Nation had not written for DOCTOR WHO since 1965. His idea of what DOCTOR WHO was — in terms of philosophy, drive and hardware — had not changed one iota in the intervening seven years, and this is reflected in the archaic nature of his script, which plods along at the sort of slothfully pedestrian pace barely adequate in the mid-sixties, but which the early-seventies audience would have found even less satisfactory. Between *Masterplan* and *Planet*, Concorde had flown for the first time and men had walked on the Moon, but in the mind of one writer the TARDIS was still basic enough to fall victim to a simple failure in life support, the solution to which is so ridiculously workmanlike that it defies belief. In fact, this amounts to nothing more than a feeble plot device to separate Jo and the Doctor, and this sets the trend for the rest of the story. "Threats" are introduced, resolved, and then forgotten about, appearing not because they arise naturally from the storyline, but because Nation keeps reminding himself that he has to put them in. Thus the fungus-spraying plants do their dirty work on Jo and are never again mentioned after episode two, but conveniently turn up at the end of the story to hamper/help her and the Doctor's escape! Similarly, the lead characters get themselves unnecessarily trapped in the Dalek base and their unbelievably nonsensical method of escaping up the ventilation shaft in episodes 3/4 defies logic. One suspects that Terry Nation did not pass his 'O' Level Physics. Basically, all we get between episodes three and five are a series of set-pieces and setbacks designed to make it look as if there is something happening while Nation freewheels between points A and B, which could have easily been compressed into half that time.

Episode cliffhangers are equally lacklustre. It has become a dreadful cliche that at the end of the first episode of any Dalek story, one or more of them should be revealed for the first time to shocked horror — regardless of whether their presence in the locality was already known or not — and *Planet* merely follows the trend set by Nation himself. The Doctor's shocked gasp upon seeing the previously-invisible specimen at the end of episode one is pointless given that, a) he'd known of their involvement since the end of *Frontier*, and, b) the viewer will have been expecting them because of the story title! Episodes three through five fare little better, the narrative being suspended at the nearest convenient easily-resolved threat, with only episode two's ending being half-way dramatic or convincing (simply because it at least hangs on an important plot development).

The story also contains numerous inventions which seem like a good idea at the time, but which don't bear close examination. The invisible Spiridons, for example, are quite novel for the first ten seconds, but then one realises the impossibility of such a race — effectively "blind" to each other — reaching even a rudimentary level of civilised society (phrase least likely to be heard in a Spiridonian pub: "Wot you looking at!?"), let alone that suggested here. The liquid ice is also an apparently neat development... but the only thing that would allow water to remain liquid at sub-zero temperatures would be a higher atmospheric pressure, which would be fatal to Jo and the Doctor — and how much ice would one expect to find in the middle of a jungle! Liquid nitrogen would have been a better bet.

David Maloney's direction of the story is so woefully indifferent that one wonders whether he was ill at the time, or else was so appalled at the nature of the script that he simply didn't bother. Like Nation he had not worked on the series for a number of years (since *The War Games* in fact), but that should not excuse the rushed and sloppy nature of the final product, parts of which are so badly handled that it seems incredible they were not re-shot. At moments when tension should be built up, the actual result is a tired expectation of the obvious (the pilot of the Thal spaceship wobbles around so much as Jo approaches him that it comes as more of a surprise than a shock that he turns out to be dead!), while the Daleks suffer dreadfully from bad choreography and obvious mechanical problems. Fans often cite how painfully obvious it is in *Day* that the BBC only had three working casings, but this is ten times as clear in *Planet*, and the importation of the modified movie Dalek Supreme — with its ludicrous flashing torch eye-piece — does little to alleviate the shortage of numbers. The basic problem is that Nation's script is far too ambitious, with its frozen army of 10,000 realised with a host of Louis Marks toys. No doubt the special effects department, having got away with it in *Evil*, thought they could do it again, but the difference between 405-line Monochrome and 625-Colour reveals a multitude of sins.

In the *Radio Times* Nation whinges that after the Daleks he, "found it impossible to write another successful monster for DOCTOR WHO." It could be suggested that this had less to do with their success, and more to the fact that he was incapable of writing properly for the Daleks as it was! Despite this, he displays an inate snobbery towards them. His dislike of the David Whitaker/Troughton stories (which are arguably ten times better than his own mediocre efforts) is well-reported and certain elements of *Planet* are clearly designed to re-write the race history in favour of his own version (e.g. the Supreme Council in place of Whitaker's Emperor, etc.). Yet in the process the Daleks continue to lose much of what made them such a success in the first place. As has been observed the Kaled mutants have been stripped of almost all the hints of their organic nature present in *The Dead Planet*, where it was not considered a cardinal sin for them to mill around in crowd scenes, betraying their impatience. In this story they are nothing more than the robots (the Doctor tellingly refers to them as "machines" at one point) many mistake them for, and this effect is not dissipated by the occasional reminders that this is not the case in the script, such as the half-way decent scene towards the end where one displays obvious panic before its execution by the Dalek Supreme.

The humanoid characters fare little better. Taron, Vaber and Codal are two-dimensional stock personalities, saved only by the talents of the respective actors (especially Bernard Horsfall), who does an amazing job considering the hackneyed dialogue they are called upon to utter. "I'm qualified in Space Medicine," Taron declares at one cringeworthy moment, but unfortunately Nation is concerned with Higher Things than avoiding pulp SF clichés. The one coherent thread that runs through the narrative is a rather ham-fisted series of Statements about the nature of war and violence, brought into sharp relief by the Thals' hereditary pacifist leanings (Nation being unaware that it had already been done better — if in sillier costumes — in *The Dominators*) which was obviously inspired by the Viet Namese war — the last American soldier having only just been withdrawn when the story was first screened. Taron and the others constantly remind the Doctor and Jo that war does not come easy to them, but this is hampered by Nation's sexist working in of not one, but two instances of male characters adopting dominant/protective roles over the female characters simply to give them something "worth fighting for." Throughout the story characters are called upon to soliloquize on the nature of fear/aggression, prompting at one point Pertwee's ad-libbed "Well, after that little tutorial on bravery, let's see if we can find a way out of here..." The point is further hammered home in the last moments, when the Doctor once again clumsily denounces the dangers of glamorising warfare, but the effect is no doubt as tediously irritating to the 1993 audience as it must have been when the story was made. In 1972, on the other side of the world, Viet Namese children were still screaming from the napalm burns, and the shoddy moral message touted by Nation seems pretty fatuous in the face of the horrors of the war in South East Asia.

Still, I bet a lot of you just *loved* it, didn't you.(3)

Nick Cooper

LEONARD LEWIS

The EastEnders producer on Adam Adamant Lives!, and the TARDIS's trip to Albert Square...

Do you know where the idea for *Dimensions in Time* originated — with Children in Need, Eastenders or elsewhere?
Well, I think it came, probably, from the Doctor Who people. They put the idea up, and then Children in Need approached us... [Normally] we have a blanket refusal on near-enough all requests to come and shoot on our lot, because we get them all the time, everyone wants to come and shoot on the EastEnders lot, so we always say no. But of course the thought of the TARDIS actually materialising in Albert Square was too much for us to pass up.

So we said 'Well, let's talk about it' — we did have problems about it because we're doing some building on our lot at the moment, [and] that limited the time that we could spend on it, and we were obviously anxious that when they were using our characters, our characters should be protected and not presented in a way which we felt would be wrong for the programme. But they involved Tony McHale, one of our writers, so that was fine, and in the end, although we had a lot of trouble setting it up when it came to [the shooting] it went very smoothly indeed.

There isn't a Doctor Who production office at the moment, so by the Doctor Who people you mean John Nathan Turner and the others directly associated with this production?
Yes.

And they originated the idea?
Yes, I think so — I'm not sure, you'd have to ask them about it. I was first approached by Children in Need, but I'm sure that John and the others had put them up [to suggesting it].

How closely has the EastEnders office been involved with the production?
Not tremendously closely, because we've got to continue to run our programme. They understood they couldn't interrupt our process, but they were fortunate in engaging a production manager who'd worked with us and knew our format [Gary Downie], and of course there's a lot of goodwill towards Children in Need amongst the EastEnders cast and crew — we've done things for Children in Need before.

So there was no trouble persuading them to put in the extra work?
No. In fact, a lot of people did a lot of extra things — the cast came in for half past six make-up calls and that sort of thing in order to achieve it.

How concerned were you as to the basic approach taken? A BBC press release has apparently described it as a pantomime...
Well, I was not involved in how they were going to do it, and I haven't seen it, because that's their business. I was just concerned that our characters should be presented faithfully. It was obviously a one-off... I wouldn't have thought pantomime was an appropriate term, but fantasy might be an appropriate word, and from that point of view you don't expect it to be totally real. You expect to believe that the characters [onscreen] here are the same characters that you see in Eastenders, caught up in something odd.

So you generally just kept an eye on it and let the production team get on with the work?
Yes — they were clear about the parameters under which they had to work, they're professional people and they got on and did it. There were no problems at all — I was surprised that there weren't more problems than there were, quite honestly.

You directed two episodes of Adam Adamant Lives!, *More Deadly than the Sword* and *To Set A Deadly Fashion*.
They were ahead of their time, the Adam Adamants, the way in which they were done. At that time we were only just out of doing live television — I'd directed many a live Z Cars — and we were in the transition period... Tape wasn't very sophisticated, there wasn't that much you could do [with it], but [producer] Verity [Lambert] was very ambitious, pushing the frontiers all the while. Amazing things appeared in the scripts, that you thought 'Well, this is impossible' and then you'd proceed to have to do it.

Do you think the series would have benefited from moving to film as The Avengers did?
Yes, it probably would have done. There was one major problem, you see. In those days, series were [produced] once a week. Now Z Cars had a very large cast of regular characters, ten or more regular characters, so you spread the work around those characters and made sure that somebody didn't work too hard one week so they could be ready to rehearse and work hard the next week. With Adam Adamant the whole point of it was that it was about Adam Adamant, so Gerald Harper not only had a very large role to play, but he had a major fight in every episode, once a week, and quite honestly it was too much for anybody to do. So if it had been able to go to film, and have more time in production, that might have been a way of keeping it going [longer].

How happy were you with the results you got?
Oh, I was very happy — I mean I was a relatively young new director, being given a good chance to do something extraordinary really, and I enjoyed it enormously. Although I have reservations about what one was able to achieve in the limited time available I was really quite pleased with it.

Coming back to a police series in the eighties with Rockliffe's Babies must have brought home quite how much TV production had changed since you did Z Cars?
It was quite an eye opener. I'd been really reluctant to do another police series, because I'd done Z Cars and Juliet Bravo as a director, and I'd produced Softly Softly for something like seven years, and I thought... but what convinced me was [that] we did it single camera on location on tape, which had been done before, on Softly Softly for instance, but it wasn't that usual, and was an interesting challenge.

The series seemed to be taken off just as it hit its stride...
And just as it was getting rather good viewing figures! We had a misfortune on the first series [in that] we were affected by a strike which meant that instead of ten episodes we only did eight.

That would be the same strike that cut Star Cops short. Did you remount the last two episodes for the second season?
No, we abandoned them — time had moved on. But eight episodes of a series really isn't enough to get the audience on your side, [whereas] by the end of the second series we were getting good viewing figures, and I thought we (I mean the BBC) should have gone on to do another series. I wouldn't myself have gone on to another series — I'd said I'd only do one, and I actually ended up doing two, so I wanted move on and do something else.

And now you're back on the treadmill at EastEnders...
One of the enjoyable things about Z Cars was that company feeling, the company working together. We used to do between 26 and 31 episodes in a year, a very long stint of work over six months, and then you'd pack it in and get ready for the next series, and it was very enjoyable — hard work, but rewarding work. EastEnders has something of that quality. The only thing EastEnders hasn't got is those breaks, it just never stops! Like you say, it's like a treadmill — a roller coaster treadmill. Very enjoyable nevertheless.

So you're happy there?
Well, yes — I had directed some Eastenders on and off over a couple of years, so I got to know the cast, and then I was asked to produce it, sharing the duties with Helen Greave. The pair of us had a year on it, and then she moved on to other things and I was asked to stay on for another year — two years, again, [when] originally I was only going to do one, so who knows how long I'll stay!

You've never been directly involved with Doctor Who, of course, but would you be interested in moving on to that if it came back?
Well I would have liked to have directed it — I do remember writing to John Nathan-Turner many years ago and saying how much I would love to do it, but it just never happened. I've always thought that it was a most enjoyable programme. And I'd never turn down work!
Leonard Lewis, thank you very much.

Interviewed November 9th by Anthony Brown

Pat Butcher (Pam St Clement) © BBC TV

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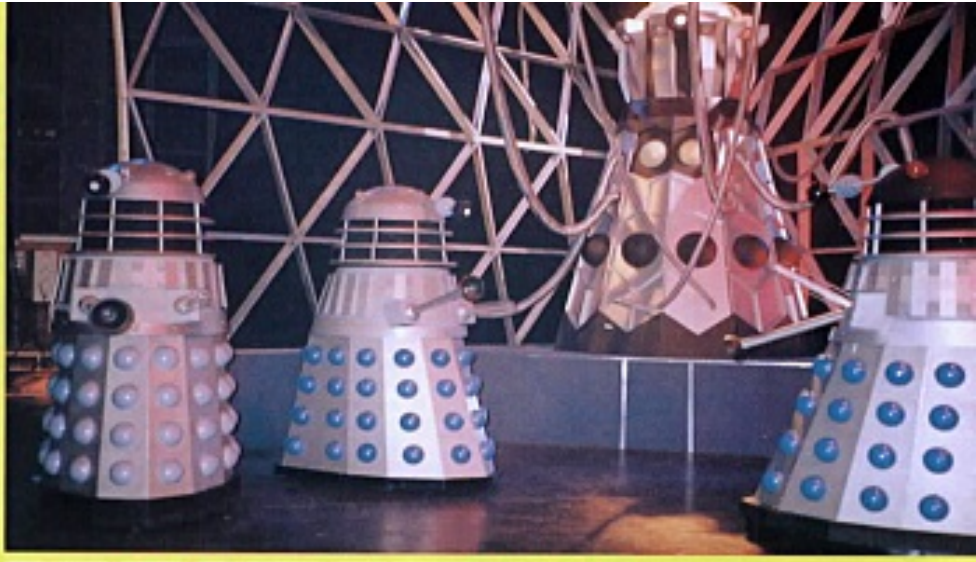

IN THE TARDIS!

STAR TREK THE NEXT GENERATION

SEASON SEVEN: NEW PRODUCTION CREDITS — JERI TAYLOR IS NOW AN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER, RONALD D. MOORE IS A PRODUCER, BRANNON BRAGA IS A CO-PRODUCER, RENE ECHEVARRIA IS EXEC. STORY EDITOR, NAREN SHANKAR IS STORY EDITOR.

1)**Descent II** 25th September 1993
WRITTEN BY RENE ECHEVARRIA; DIRECTOR ALEXANDER SINGER; MUSIC JAY CHATTAWAY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR RON MOORE
The "sons of Soong" have no better luck with carrying off a cliffhanger than anyone else. The production staff must have thought "how can we miss with both Lore and the Borg?" Good question.

Picard's away team find themselves confronted by two androids. Data has been persuaded in some way to form an alliance with Dr. Soong's original creation, Lore, last seen in Brothers when he mortally injured his "father" and stole a chip designed to give Data emotions. Troi now senses that Data is experiencing feelings, although only negative ones. They wonder if he has given Data the chip, but Lore says he still has it.

Surrounded by the equally hostile and newly emotional Borg, Picard tells Lore he is controlling Data in some way and that he has corrupted the Borg. The always boastful Lore proclaims that he has found his true calling. He has given the Borg something to believe in, and in so doing "cleaned up the mess" Picard created by making them individuals. He found the Borg so lost and disoriented that they could not even navigate their own vessel. They now have learned to aspire to the perfection the androids represent. Henceforth biological lifeforms are obsolete.

Picard left Doctor Crusher in charge of a skeleton crew on the Enterprise — and with orders to flee immediately should the Borg ship return. She must man the bridge with inexperienced personnel, including a new Ensign barely out of the Academy. Riker reports that they have lost contact with Picard's team but the ship cannot locate him either. Further discussion is useless as the Borg ship appears on their sensors, but Crusher lingers until the last possible second so as to beam up as many people as possible. Riker and Worf choose to stay and look for the Captain. They must leave orbit as the Borg open fire and they set course for the transwarp conduit, knowing they left 43 crew members on the planet.

Riker orders the remaining teams to try to avoid the Borg as it will be several days before Beverly's warning to Starfleet can bring help to the area. But by the time the Enterprise reaches the transwarp conduit, Captain Crusher has decided that her duty is to get information to Starfleet, without necessarily leaving the sector. She orders Ensign Tait to send a communications buoy through the conduit and turns the ship back to rescue the remaining crew. Lieutenant Barnaby has returned to take over Tactical and he is inclined to be more cautious. However, he is ordered to find a way to delay discovery of their return for the maximum possible time.

Data escorts his former comrades to a cell. Picard tries desperately to reach the Data he knows, but the angry android tells him that the time spent on the Enterprise was misguided. Troi can sense only hatred and anger in her friend. Data tells them they are to be used to test ways to make the Borg fully artificial lifeforms — experiments which have already mutilated several Borg. Lore sees Geordi as an ideal test subject and has Data take away his visor, but Geordi suspects the real reason Lore took away the visor is that he could see some sort of carrier wave Lore is emitting, through which he may be influencing Data in a way that has disabled his ethical program. They look for a means to reboot it as Geordi is taken away.

Riker and Worf are within sight of the Borg fortress when they are captured — but not by Lore's Borg. They are taken to a cavern under the fortress where Hugh (I, Borg) has gathered a small number of Borg who came to reject Lore's leadership. However, he is hardly pleased to see them. He blames the Enterprise for the damage they have suffered. Once he was returned to a Borg ship after his experience of becoming an individual separate from the collective, that individualism was transmitted in the collective mind to the others. The result was chaos. They had no idea how to function once the voices in their heads were discordant.

They would have starved to death had Lore not found them. He promised clarity and purpose, but it became clear — to Hugh at least — that Lore had no idea how to keep his promises. Hugh refuses to help them in their rescue mission but he agrees to show them a secret way into the fortress. Data begins to insert fibres designed to create a neural net replacing Geordi's brain (which will then be destroyed) into his skull.

Crusher succeeds in rescuing all but six of the people from the surface — but there is still no sign of Picard's team or Riker and Worf. But the Borg ship attacks and they lose the warp engines. She sets a course into a nearby sun…

This is being billed as Lore's last appearance and he is unlikely to be missed as long as he has dialogue like this. It is more of a pity that anyone bothered to bring Jonathan Del Arco back for such a small part as Hugh. He was very effective in *I, Borg*, whatever one may think of the idea of humanizing the biggest threat in TNG, but has little to do here. Brian Cousins returns in the role of Lore's right hand Borg, Crosis. Presumably Hugh and his little band can never return to the main collective without causing the kind of havoc Picard decided he could not consciously inflict on the Borg.

Beverly's bridge crew had the aura of people testing for possible roles in a future series. James Horan (Barnaby) had just guested as an alien in last season's *Suspicions* and now gets a turn in front of the cameras sans latex. Alex Datcher plays the brash Tait as a young woman quick to assume control.

The plot-holes everyone complained of in part I never get resolved. There seems no good reason for Picard to have emptied the ship of personnel for the away teams and the idea of leaving the Doctor in charge outraged a number of male fans, who probably (one suspects) would have found it easier to bear had it been Doctor McCoy. However, Gates McFadden was overjoyed to finally get to occupy the centre chair — pointing out that everyone else has had a chance at it, even Troi. She made certain that she worked in the tug on the uniform known as the Picard Manoeuvre, a Patrick Stewart trademark emulated by all the men who have found themselves in temporary command.

She also decided to provide a welcome back for Patrick Stewart the next time he was scheduled to film on the bridge set — which was not until nearly two weeks after her stint as Captain. She got to the studio ahead of him and enlisted the aid of some extras in uniform to be her crew. She installed two plaques in memory of Odan/Riker and her Captain/Lover, put a zebra skin throw and tasselled pillows on the command chairs and greeted a very surprised Stewart with her hair in curlers. (5)

2)**Liaisons** 2nd October 1993
TELEPLAY BY JEANNE CARRIGAN FAUCI & LISA RICH; STORY BY ROGER ESCHBACHER & JAQ GREENSPOON; DIRECTOR CLIFF BOLE; MUSIC DENNIS MCCARTHY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAVID STIPES
Except for some comic relief on the Enterprise with that mirthful Worf, the season does not exactly roar to life.

The Enterprise receives a first contact cultural exchange with an entirely unfamiliar species, the Eyar. Captain Picard is to journey to their home world to meet the Eyar Prime Minister while the ambassadors acquaint themselves with life on the ship. But before he can leave trouble begins — one visitor was to be assigned to Troi and the other to Riker, but Riker's man insists on having Worf as his guide.

The Klingon reluctantly accepts the assignment, which proves more difficult than expected as the ambassador orders him about in a rude manner, taking every opportunity to insult him. Troi's guest in contrast is very docile but seems to have an overwhelming interest in food, so she uses a buffet dinner in Ten Forward to introduce him to the joys of chocolate.

Picard is unable to get his Eyar pilot to engage in any conversation about his people and customs on his long journey, but they soon have other concerns as a power failure forces them to crash landing on a barely habitable world, swept by winds and strange plasma energy discharges. Unable to communicate through the atmospheric interference and with his pilot barely conscious, Picard decides to head for the structure his tricorder detects two kilometres away. But he only gets a few hundred yards before being flattened by a plasma bolt.

Worf continues to grit his teeth and ignore the taunts from his ambassador, while Troi grows tired of her guest's preoccupation with food. He is distracted only by the sight of a child. His species emerge from a pod fully grown and he has never seen such a creature. Picard awakens to find himself in an old freighter, in the company of a woman who tells him the pilot is dead. She explains that the cargo ship crashed some time ago and that she was the only survivor. Her name is Anna and is shocked and depressed to learn that she has been here seven years. Picard decides to salvage some of the equipment from the other ship but cannot stand. She tells him he suffered three broken ribs and will not be able to walk for a while, and offers to get the panels he wants.

Worf tells Troi that he will kill his ambassador with his bare hands if he is not reassigned. Troi tries to reason with him and suggests that it is time to let their guest know that their is some behaviour which is unacceptable. Riker suggests that they should be invited to the poker game to loosen up relationships. This proves disastrous as Worf discovers his ambassador stealing his poker chips.

Picard is bewildered by the useless condition of the equipment Anna brings back. She explains she was so anxious to get the panels free that she cut them out with her phaser, getting carried away. She starts to breakdown until Picard assures her that they will still get out of here. Anna says she will do anything he wants as long as he doesn't leave her. She kisses Picard and says she loves him…
Barbara Williams is Anna, who is not as she seems (surprise). Eric Pierpoint — best known for playing George on ALIEN NATION — is the pilot. Perhaps this is his consolation for failing to win the role of Sisko on DS9. Paul Eiding and Michael Harris are the bothersome guests on the ship. Once again this story suffers from the trademark rushed TNG ending.(6)

3)**Interface** 9th October 1993
WRITTEN BY JOE MENOSKY; DIRECTOR ROBERT WEIMER; MUSIC JAY CHATTAWAY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR RON MOORE
Geordi's family gets highlighted in this episode, and his parents turn out to be two of his co-stars from ROOTS. LeVar also gets to appear for the first time with normal eyes.

Geordi finds himself walking down a corridor full of flames and gasses — and can see without his visor. He feels the heat of over 2000 degrees and smells dangerous gasses, but his hands go right through flames to turn on fire suppression equipment. He only runs into trouble when he begins to cough, something he should not do as the real Geordi is still aboard the Enterprise wearing a body suit while a virtual reality probe under his direction explores a damaged vessel in a simulation run. Though Geordi's experience with his visor makes him an ideal subject for such a test, Dr. Crusher finds his psychosomatic coughing disturbing. The interface must not be boosted too high or his senses could be overloaded.

The Enterprise is responding to a distress call from the science ship Rhamon which is trapped in the atmosphere of an unusual gas giant. There is so much interference that they cannot tell whether the crew of seven is still alive, and it seems like an excellent opportunity to use the probe to get answers.

The Enterprise is then informed that the starship Hera has disappeared four days ago, five days into a routine mission. Two other Starfleet vessels are retracing the route but Admiral Holt expects their mission to do no good. Geordi's mother is the captain of the Hera.

Geordi goes to his quarters and replays the last message he had from his mother three weeks ago. She tries to interest him in meeting her female engineer and invites him to visit. He tells Riker he never got back to her about that. Riker offers to take Geordi's place running the hyper reality probe but Geordi rejects that idea. It would take hours to realign the equipment for another user and the crew of the Rhamon has no time.

As the probe enters the airlock of the trapped ship Geordi asks that the interface be increased. Crusher is concerned as his pulse speeds up. It appears that a hull breech has occurred somewhere and Geordi can smell methane and ammonia. He finds a body under some debris, and finds the rest of the crew dead after cutting open a bulkhead. There is a sudden burst of flame and Geordi instinctively throws up his hands for protection. His real hands on the Enterprise are inexplicably burned.

While resting Geordi calls his father, a scientist who is a Starfleet Commander. He learns that his sister Ariana is very upset. There will be a service on Vulcan for the crew — many of whom were from there — but his family plans a private ceremony for his mother. Geordi is distressed by these plans, telling his father that they are jumping the gun and that the Hera may be found. His father disagrees, calling the search a formality.

Geordi drops in on Data, insisting he does not want to talk about his mother and then asking if he is crazy to think she is still alive. Data can only answer that disappearances with this profile seldom end with a safe recovery. On the next probe mission Doctor Crusher tries to operate with the greatest safety margin possible but this prevents Geordi seeing properly. When the level is increased Geordi suddenly sees his mother standing in uniform on the Rhamon. She tells him there is no time to explain how she is here — the rest of her crew is down on the surface and he must get down there before they die.

The interface is cut off by a sensory overload and the probe returns to the Enterprise. Geordi is convinced that what he saw was a genuine attempt by his Mother to communicate with him but Picard points out that the Hera disappeared 300 light years away. He refuses to allow the probe to be used again. They will seek to salvage the Rhamon's data banks in other ways…
Madge Sinclair plays Geordi's mother and Ben Vereen appears very briefly as his stoic father. Neither is given a first name. Not surprisingly Geordi turns to Data for help and those scenes help to rescue the script somewhat from the flood of technobabble Geordi episodes invite.(7)

4)**Gambit, Part I** 16th October 1993
TELEPLAY BY NAREN SHANKAR; STORY BY CHRISTOPHER HATTON AND NAREN SHANKAR; DIRECTOR PETER LAURITSON; MUSIC JAY CHATTAWAY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAVID STIPES
The season begins to pick up steam as Picard and Riker are thrust into unfamiliar roles to uncover the secrets of a mercenary ship.

The Enterprise bridge crew mix incognito with the clientele of an exotic and unsavoury bar. Troi tries to cajole the gigantic bartender into telling her if he has seen a man she claims owes her money. He claims not to recall the baldheaded man she described but she knows he is lying. He is delighted to discover she is betazoid but points out his customers count on a certain discretion. Worf tells Riker that he thinks he has found someone who knows something

at a table in the rear. Riker tries his luck with the pucker-faced alien — and learns that Worf has tried to enlist his sympathy by telling him the man they seek got Riker's sister pregnant. The bartender intervenes to threaten the man into silence but finds Beverly Crusher holding a phaser to his head before he can finish. Their nervous informant tells them that the man they seek came into the bar several weeks ago after they promise to drop him on another planet. He was vapourised by a rough looking group of aliens after he began asking questions they did not like. Troi realises he is telling the truth.

The crew of the Enterprise take the loss of Captain Picard very hard — none more so than Will Riker. Troi tries to get him to deliver a eulogy at a memorial service she has planned to help with the healing process, but he refuses to even attend. He has no desire to put his anger behind him until he finds the persons responsible for the death of the Captain. He questions their guest, who now wants a shuttlecraft from Starfleet before he'll 'remember' any more. But Riker learns that the man is wanted in the Klingon Empire and threatens to turn him over. Uramek quickly recalls that the group who attacked Picard are mercenaries who mentioned the Borada system.

Riker heads for the system and finds one Class M planet which has no current colonists but is home to 2,000 year old De Bron ruins. Riker leads an away team over Data's objections but finds only some odd indentations in the soil which have a crystallization pattern they also found in the bar. There are also some artifacts lying on the ground. Their examination of them is cut short by phaser fire. Riker is knocked unconscious as he tries to flank the mercenaries and is taken prisoner as they transport off the surface. The Enterprise is fired upon as the mercenary ship breaks orbit.

Data is confident that the ship cannot outrun the Enterprise but the mercenary vessel simply fades away on their sensors. Inquiries indicate that it has been linked to raids across the sector and is covered with energy absorbing materials which allow it to escape detection. Worf wants immediate action but Data returns to the ruins to investigate further.

The leader of the mercenaries is named Baran. He is angry to learn that their engines are losing power and must be shut down for repair. He questions Riker, punishing silence through a device implanted in his neck which can kill. All of the crew are in the same situation - it is the price of serving on this ship. Riker tells him they were studying the ruins. The crew argues that it is too dangerous to keep Riker alive. A man who has had his back turned until now approaches Baran and demands that he kill Riker now. Riker is understandably surprised to see Captain Picard, who seems to be known as Galen here. Baran insists that Riker might be useful but Galen says he has heard of this officer - he has been charged with insubordination several times and is surely headed for court martial. But Riker manages to solve a problem threatening the engines and Baran assigns him to quarters for now.

Data discovers that the ruins seems to have been looted, though nothing valuable has been taken, and realises that the DeBron were an offshoot of the Romulans, that there was a Romulan with the mercenaries who attacked them, and the other sites known to have been attacked by the mercenaries also have Romulan connections. He contacts the Federation outpost on Calder 2, where there are also Romulan remains, and sets course for there.

Picard manages to explain to Riker that the mercenaries use a weapon that can activate a transporter beam for a quick beam out of anything they want to steal. That happened to him on Desika 2 when he asked too many questions. Finding an archeological site he had wanted to study destroyed, he tracked those responsible to the bar, claiming he was a smuggler of artifacts. Baran had need of someone with his expertise so Galen — as he called himself — was allowed to join the crew. But he and Baran do not get along and he wants Riker to cultivate the man in hopes of learning more. When Baran unexpectedly enters the room Picard covers up their conversation by knocking Riker to the floor and again demanding that Baran get rid of him.

But Baran hopes Riker can help them destroy the Federation outpost at their next destination. Picard quickly suggests that they should be able to use Riker to take what they want without a fight, and returns to his work on the artifacts. Baran is looking for any objects which match a particular spectral analysis profile. He is joined by the crew's Romulan, Tallera, who warns him he takes a risk in provoking Baran. He tells her he does not think much of Baran as a leader and she knows he is talking mutiny.

They manage to trick the Calder outpost into lowering shields long enough for them to transport part of the material they want. But the defences go up before they get all of the artifacts. Baran is ready to launch an attack when the Enterprise arrives . Baran has Riker open communications and order Data to withdraw. While Data hesitates, Riker tells Baran that he can lower the Enterprises' shields by transmitting his access code. The signal is sent but Data knows that Riker knows that the codes would have been changed after his capture. He orders their shields dropped over Worf's strident objections. Baran orders Picard to fire…

Several well known names head the large guest cast for this extended adventure. Richard Lynch, a familiar villain in many films and television shows, assumes leonine makeup to play Baran. Tellara brings Robin Curtis back into Trek for the first time since she played Saavik #2 in *Star Trek III* and (briefly) *Star Trek IV*. This time she is once again in pointy ears but her long hair has fallen victim to the regulation TNG Romulan page boy cut. Caitlin Brown and Alan Altshuld are less notable mercenaries. Stephen Lee is the hulking bartender and Cameron Thor is his chatty customer.

It is never made clear just how long Picard was on Desika II and why he was there. It was presumably shore leave. The TNG props department has a severely limited imagination when it comes to archeological artifacts. Picard is always shown enthralled by exceedingly dull bits of unadorned beige pottery, now people kill for the same stuff. The budget should manage to reach to something a little more colourful. Picard apparently took the name of his old archeology professor as a disguise (*The Chase*).(8)

5|**Gambit, part II** 23rd October 1993

Teleplay by Ronald D. Moore; Story by Naren Shankar; Director Alexander Singer; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects Supervisor Ron Moore

Picard and Riker are not the only ones who are not who they seem to be (surprise) and Worf gets a lesson on how to be First Officer.

Picard's phaser fire hits key sections of the Enterprise but there is little or no damage done. Data orders the ship to feign damage while returning fire to Baran's ship. Baran wants to finish the fight, but the rest of the mercenaries insist they leave while the Enterprise is disabled. Worf is also unhappy because Data does not order them to pursue the other ship.

Data looks for a hidden message in Riker's communications while alerting other Starfleet ships to guard archeological sites. Eventually, Geordi finds a message hidden in the carrier wave which transmitted the shield deactivation codes.

The mercenaries' ship has damaged engines. Galen picks another fight with Riker to keep Baran occupied and this time Riker flattens his Captain — a move designed to endear him to Baran. Picard then goes to check out the newly acquired artifacts. Tallera speaks with him again, but this time she is suspicious of Galen's motives for not wanting to fire on the Enterprise. Her interrogation is interrupted when one of the artifacts exhibits the desired pattern. Baran is delighted by the news. Their task is half complete and soon he can get rid of Galen. They must locate one more artifact.

Riker convinces Baran that he can be useful, but he must earn his place. Baran wants him to pretend to make friends with Galen, and finds his allies in the crew before killing him as soon as they find the last piece of their puzzle.

Data follows a flight plan in Riker's message and rejoins the hunt. Then he takes Worf into the ready room and informs him that he is dissatisfied with his performance as first officer. Riker never publicly shows irritation with Captain Picard's orders or disagrees with him once a decision has been made — if Worf cannot do the job he will replace him with Geordi. Worf assures him that will not be necessary — and that their friendship has not been ended by this little conversation.

Picard tells Riker that he is certain that the object he has examined is actually Vulcan, not Romulan. But he has no idea why it is valuable enough to kill for. He has a bigger problem. Tallera has decided that he is not a smuggler and demands he tell her the truth or die now. She found the message hidden in the carrier wave. He tells her he is a Starfleet officer and she tells him that she is working undercover for the Vi'shar, Vulcan Security. She has infiltrated the mercenaries to try to prevent a threat from Vulcan isolationists. These extremists believe Vulcan has been contaminated and corrupted by alien ideas and wish to rid their home world of all alien influences.

She explains that there was a time in Vulcan's ancient past when psychic abilities were used as a weapon. Picard has heard of something called the Stone of Gol, and Tellera explains that it was a psionic resonator which could enhance and focus mental energy. After it was broken up one section of it was placed in an underground temple on Vulcan, while Baran was hired to find the other two by the isolationists. Picard urges that they continue this charade until they can apprehend the buyers. She agrees, but warns that she will do whatever is necessary to keep the Stone out of the wrong hands.

The Enterprise arrives first at the designated coordinates and finds Koral, a Klingon freebooter, waiting for someone. When Koral is singularly uncooperative, the crew bend regulations enough to bring his shuttle onboard and detain him. As Koral has the second piece of the artifact Baran decides to beam a team into the Enterprise to take the artifact with Riker's help — and tells Riker to get rid of Galen once they have what they seek…

This adventure certainly suggests that Data will make a better commander than Worf in any situation not requiring a frontal assault with blazing phasers. Professional basketball star James Worthy is a TNG fan and asked to be on the show. He makes an adequate Koral, who is given few words. He is intended to intimidate by mere presence and

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certainly makes the tallest Klingon we are likely to see.

The major weakness of the story is an unbelievably pat ending, which has to be seen to be disbelieved.(9)

6|**Phantasms** 30th October 1993

Written by Brannon Braga; Director Patrick Stewart; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor David Stipes

Data walks through the Enterprise, which is oddly deserted except for Geordi. He hears hammering and finds three workman dressed in old fashioned clothes dismantling a plasma conduit in the wall. When he orders them to stop, they turn on him and begin to rip off his arms, legs and his head.

He suddenly wakes, having been using the dream program Dr. Soong created to be activated in his brain once he reached a certain level of internal complexity (Birthright I). He has had III dreams so far, but never one as disturbing as this. He tries to ask Geordi about nightmares, but the engineer is very busy with the installation of a new warp core.

Picard is forced to attend the annual Starfleet Admirals' Banquet, which he has managed to avoid for six years, as he seems to have run out of excuses. But when Geordi attempts to re-engage the warp engines, nothing happens. He traces the problem to a misaligned plasma conduit and promises that the situation will be cleared up very shortly.

Geordi asks Troi to talk to Data about his dream. She finds him in his cabin intently observing Spot, his cat, sleeping. Troi is very reassuring, telling him that if his brain is like a human's a part of it needs to express itself through dreams. She quotes Freud and tells him not to be afraid of dreaming. Somewhat encouraged, Data lies down and activates his dream programming.

This time he dreams he is in Ten Forward. Worf is eating a piece of cake and Data asks what kind it is. He replies that it is cellular peptide cake with mint frosting - and it is delicious. Beverly Crusher is standing at the bar next to Will Riker, but instead of a drink she is sucking something through a straw stuck into Riker's temple. Data then sees the three workman again, who tell him to be quiet when he begins to emit a shrill noise. They move away from the table where they have been standing and Data sees the cake. It is composed of the head and torso of Deanna Troi, who is very much alive although some pieces have already been cut away. Data finds a strange knife laying nearby and he cannot resist cutting into her right shoulder.

Data is shaken awake by Troi and Worf. In fact, they have been trying to awaken him for five minutes after he (impossibly) overslept. He decides to study his dream on the holodeck with Sigmund Freud himself before discussing it. Freud does not seem terribly helpful. He first suggests that Data has experienced a classic dismemberment dream, then that the image of Troi represents a desire to possess his own mother. Data points out that he doesn't have a mother and halts the holodeck program.

Each time Geordi thinks he has the engines online something goes wrong. Data tries to help in the engineering department, but he suddenly notices that one of the tools use by the engineers resembles the odd knife in his dream. Then he sees a mouth open on Geordi's neck and enters a trance-like state. The engine room suddenly seems deserted until Riker appears with the straw in his head again. A telephone seems to be ringing and Data finds it is hidden in a compartment in his stomach. When he answers it, Freud's voice tells him he must "kill them all."

When he emerges from this "waking dream" he goes to Troi, but she is still not too concerned. She thinks it is almost the beginning of a neurosis - an idea which greatly pleases Data - and recommends weekly counselling sessions and a temporary end to using the dreaming program. She is also displeased to hear he consulted Freud first.

But when Data returns to work on the warp core problem, he again becomes preoccupied with the tool and disappears. He finds Troi in a turbolift and stabs her repeatedly in the right shoulder until stopped by Worf and Riker. While Doctor Crusher works on Deanna in sickbay, the only explanation Data can give is that he had another waking dream and saw a mouth on Troi's shoulder, followed by an uncontrollable urge to destroy it. The Doctor sees that the wound itself is not life threatening but she soon notices that it is not normal. There is a discolouration and cellular degradation of some sort - and it is spreading...

This a highly unusual episode making use of odd camera angles and movements to depict the dreams — as well as the odd images of Deanna as a cake and Riker with a straw in his head! As is typical of a Braga episode, things tend to get bogged down in technobabble. But this is offset by the Freud scenes and an hilarious exchange when Data asks Worf to keep Spot for him as he becomes afraid that he might harm his pet. Bernard Kates is a lively Freud. Gina Ravarra is a new engineering ensign with a crush on Geordi and Clyde Kusatsu is a suspicious admiral. (8)

STAR TREK DEEP SPACE NINE

4|Invasive Procedures 23rd October 1993

TELEPLAY BY JOHN WHELPLEY AND ROBERT HEWITT WOLFE; STORY BY JOHN WHELPLEY; DIRECTOR LES LANDAU; MUSIC DENNIS MCCARTHY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR GLENN NEUFELD

DS9 has been evacuated of all but essential crew due to a violent plasma disruption raging around it. Odo and O'Brien are sealing all the docking bays to secure the station, and are surprised to find Quark, who has uncharacteristically volunteered to stay behind (though in fact he simply refused to leave his bag of latinum behind), sitting in one of the airlocks. The Ferengi insists that he was recovering from saying goodbye to his brother — who left hours ago. O'Brien and Odo do not see the device that Quark has left in the airlock.

The intensity of the storm is increasing when Dax detects a small vessel approaching. The ship claims to be a group of Klingons in trouble due to the storm, and they are allowed to dock. When Odo and O'Brien go to meet them they are seized by two Klingons and an alien woman, who appear to be working for a Trill. This group have not only been able to elude the weapons scan on the airlock, but also know about Odo's abilities and force him to pour himself into a container they have brought by threatening O'Brien.

In sickbay, they take Bashir prisoner and make him place Odo in a stasis chamber before capturing the remaining staff. O'Brien tells Sisko that they somehow neutralized the security systems in the docking ring — Kira has immediate ideas about how that was done.

Quark is expecting the Klingons, who he thinks have come to buy liquid data chains from him under cover of the storm. He is quickly disabused of that notion and herded up to Ops where Kira tells him he has crossed over the line this time.

They learn that the shy and stumbling Trill is in fact the leader of this expedition, and that he has come for Dax. Not Jadzia, the host, but Dax, the symbiont within. He wants Bashir to remove Dax and implant the creature within him., even though Jadzia will die within hours if Dax is removed. The Trill, Verod, is quite apologetic about that but completely unmoved. He has spent his entire life trying to qualify for the joining as a host, only to be rejected by the board on the Trill homeworld as unsuitable.

Dax tells him there is nothing shameful in that, as only one in ten of the candidates are selected, and does not understand why Verod wants her symbiont, but he claims the Dax symbiont is the best match for him. He refuses to be condemned to a life of mediocrity. Sisko realises that after taking Dax, the group plans to escape through the wormhole into the Gamma Quadrant.

Bashir refuses to perform the operations but their visitors shoot O'Brien and refuse to allow Bashir to treat him until Dax is transplanted. Jadzia tells Bashir to help Verod so that no one else will be harmed, and goes to Sisko, the one person who has known both the Curzon and Jadzia hosts, to tell him that it has been fun. Once he gets the chance Sisko attacks his Klingon guard while Kira takes on the woman, Morelle who bests her and holds Sisko at bay with a phaser. She is not just a mercenary. She met Verod during difficult times and he helped her — she will now do anything for him. Sisko realises the woman loves the Trill and asks if she is prepared to lose him, promising that he won't be the same person after he joins with Dax.

Bashir successfully transplants the symbiont from Jadzia to Verod Dax who now has access to the combined memories of Dax's life in the previous eight hosts. Jadzia survives the surgery but is desolated at how empty she feels. Bashir asks for forgiveness and swears he will not let her die. When Verod returns to Ops, Sisko asks him about times he had with Dax. They share memories and laugh in front of Morelle. But Sisko asks what about Jadzia and Verod Dax coldly replies that only her memories will live on — but he promises that he will make up for it by all the good things he will do in the Gamma Quadrant with his accumulated wisdom. Sisko insists that the Dax he knows will not allow this and that he must return the symbiont now. Verod says that is not possible, integration is underway. Sisko says that their friendship is over but Verod does not really believe him.

In a seeming display of insanity, Quark suddenly flings himself on the back of one of the Klingons and tries to subdue him. The tiny Ferengi soon ends up flat on his back and screaming in pain. The invaders allow him to be taken to sickbay, which is their first mistake...

John Glover is actually rather better as the stammering, insecure Verod than as the new confident, efficient Verod Dax. He is another established name actor guest starring this season, in which more money is being made available for DS9 than for TNG, somewhat to the chagrin of staffers with the senior series. Megan Gallagher is the devoted Morelle. Tim Russ and Steve Rankin are Klingons without honour, as Mr. Worf would say.

The plasma storm afforded a pretext to eliminate all extras and minimize the use of sets - in short, a money saver following the expensive trilogy that started the season. Kira fans were quite disbelieving that the feisty Major was incapable of overpowering Morelle, who did not appear too formidable. Sisko, on the other hand, made rather short work of a Klingon by usual Trek standards. It also seems odd that Quark was not ordered off the Station or at least spent time in Odo's jail, considering his role in the invasion.(6)

5|Cardassians 30th October 1993

TELEPLAY BY JAMES CROCKER; STORY BY GENE WOLANDE & JOHN WRIGHT; DIRECTOR CLIFF BOLE; MUSIC JAY CHATTAWAY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR GARY HUTZEL

The best news is that Garak, plain and simple, the Cardassian Tailor, returns. The not so good news is that Sisko lays down the law again.

Doctor Bashir has adjusted well to socializing with the Station's sole Cardassian resident. Although he believes Garak is a spy, he enjoys his company. Today is no different — though Bashir tries to find out just what it is that Garak does the Cardassian insists he is the most simple and inoffensive of men.

Later a Bajoran arrives on the station accompanied by a Cardassian boy — a truly unusual sight. When Garak goes over to speak to them he lays a hand on the boy's shoulder and is promptly bitten savagely on the hand! Bashir rushes to take this news to Ops, where Kira does not seem terribly surprised. She says the boy is probably one of the Cardassian war orphans who were left behind when their people withdrew from Bajor. The Bajorans had no choice but to care for them.

Soon after Gul Dukat contacts Sisko wanting to know why the lone Cardassian on the Station has been attacked. Upon hearing about the boy, he says this is just what he has feared would happen — he has been trying to do something about the disgraceful way in which the orphans were left behind and hopes this will convince the civilian authorities that these orphans are being taught to hate their own kind. He wants to use the story to redress this wrong.

The Bajoran who was with the child tells Sisko that he is his son and that the Cardassians should mind their own business. He and his wife have no apologies to make for telling him the truth about the cruelty of the Cardassians. But they do not hate the boy, who they regard as Bajoran. The problem becomes more complex when Bashir meets a gambler at Quark's who witnessed the scene in the cafe. As they chat Bashir learns this man knows the family and has seen how they treat the boy on Bajor. He claims that Rengel is their revenge against all Cardassians, that he is beaten and told he is slime. Sisko confronts the father but he denies these claims. Until the matter can be resolved, Sisko decides the boy should be placed with the O'Brien's or else removed by security. The boy is reluctant to go but his father says that humans will not hurt him — they are not like Cardassians.

Bashir does follow-up treatment on Garak's hand and tells him about Gul Dukat's concern for the orphans. This makes Garak laugh, as does the idea that Dukat would be worried about his welfare. He reminds Bashir that the Cardassians are meticulous record keepers and organizers. They did not simply forget the orphans and Dukat was the man in charge of the evacuation. Gul Dukat is at this moment busy demanding that Sisko not return the boy to the Bajorans. Sisko asks if there is anyone else who could take him and Dukat says that if he sends a DNA sample they can check if he has any surviving family. Bashir interrupts by asking why the children were left behind. Dukat claims this was on the orders of the civilian leaders but Bashir says that he understands that the civilian leaders of Cardassia have no direct authority over the military. Dukat is not pleased that Bashir is being tutored in Cardassian social structure by Garak. Nor is Sisko pleased at being interrupted on subspace conversations — he warns Bashir not to do it again.

O'Brien is unhappy about having a Cardassian under his roof and is upset to learn that Keiko let Rengel play with Molly all afternoon. He thinks the boy is dangerous and says that gentleness was bred out of Cardassians long ago — a remark which Keiko considers very ugly. The boy refuses to eat a Cardassian dish she has prepared for him, and O'Brien is shocked when the boy says he wants to go home — to Bajor. O'Brien goes so far as to tell him there is nothing wrong with being Cardassian but Rengel says that is not true — he knows the Cardassians murdered over 10 million Bajorans during the occupation. He asks O'Brien what he thinks of Cardassians and the Chief awkwardly tells him you can't judge a whole race of people.

Garak wakes Bashir to say that they need go to Bajor and he wants Bashir to get him use of a Runabout. Bashir wakes Sisko to ask for one. They are interrupted again by an urgent message from Gul Dukat. He informs Sisko that the DNA matches the son of Kolthan Pedar, one of their most important civilian leaders. The boy was thought to have died in a terrorist attack eight years ago. The father is already in route to reclaim his son. Sisko protests that things are not that simple.

Sisko is now interested in what Garak wants on Bajor but Bashir does not know. The only way to find out is to go. Garak leads Bashir to a settlement centre in search of records of Regeul's adoption. The worker that they find there does not remember names. Garak says not to worry. He knows what wonderful records the Cardassians kept and they were in charge then — just take him to the computers. But the computers are not working. This proves no great task for the tailor to fix, much to Bashir's mounting scepticism about the man's true skills. But the revived computer yields no results. Rengel does not appear in the files. Assuming he may have been misfiled or that he was at another centre, Garak is able to cross-reference and download all files on the orphans for further study. He finds that the Cardassian children who have not been adopted are in awe of seeing an adult Cardassian and want to know if he has come to take them home. He brushes the question aside. Bashir has had enough mysteries and stops the Runabout on the way back until Garak does some explaining. Garak will only tell him that children without parents have no place in Cardassian society. He only plays the game, he does not make the rules. But isn't it an amazing coincidence that it should happen that this boy is the long lost son of one of their most important civilian leaders - and an old enemy of Gul Dukat?...

Andrew Robinson turns in another captivating performance as the subtle and mysterious Garak. Garak's agenda seems ever more complex as it becomes apparent he does not serve Gul Dukat. He is easily the best character created for DS9 and will hopefully be seen again, but not overused. Veteran character actor Robert Mandan is Kolthan Pendar, and one has to sympathise with his pain. Terrance Evans is stern as the Bajoran father. Marc Alaimo appears again as the scheming Gul Dukat, whose Cardassian makeup is becoming ever more elaborate. Vidal Peterson is the hapless Rengel. If he seems familar despite the Cardassian face, it may be because he was also the earnest young Romulan, D'Tan, who adopted Spock as a mentor in *Unification II*. Sharon Conley is Jomat Lusos. Many feel Sisko made the wrong decision in a situation where it is difficult to find a right one. His authority to make a binding decision is even more surprising. O'Brien's complete turnabout is also much too easy, given the established history of his hatred for Cardassians (*The Wounded*).(8)

Kathleen Tosh

© Paramount

The Left Handed Hummingbird

Virgin Books, December 16th, £4.50

I'M SOMEWHAT knocked out by *The Left Handed Hummingbird*. It's a book which continually strikes the breath from your throat, as yet another outrageous idea hits home. It's a book so packed with continuity as to be fanboyish — if any of it was obtrusive. It's a book in which the Doctor can take LSD, gush blood and be more vulnerable than he's been since about 1984 without anyone batting an eyelid. It's also **not** a sequel to *The Aztecs* — though it does help if you've seen the classic Hartnell story.

So, to *The Aztecs* first. Nothing is done to undermine the integrity or sheer impact of the original. But *The Left Handed Hummingbird* does provide an SF justification for the Aztec culture of death, while going far deeper into the politics which underlayed it than John Lucarrotti's story did, and in doing so contrasts the present day Doctor with the fatalist who advised Barbara to leave well alone. It assumes that there was some validity in Tlotoxl's belief that the gods needed feeding with human blood — or at least, that something could feed off all that death — if not a god, then a man become god...

Hummer also takes the McCoy era, and trashes its more irritating features comprehensively, leaving only the most worthwhile elements. There's no masterplan, and several of the 'sacrificial pawn' totems are totally destroyed...but this is, I think, what Andrew Cartmel and co were trying to do all that time (with a slight influence from SAPPHIRE AND STEEL creeping in, I'd say). If you disliked the McCoy era on principle, then you probably won't like this (Kate's article in the anniversary section of this issue might prove a useful litmus test. If it leaves you fuming, you won't like *Hummer*. If it leaves you *thinking*, read on). But if you were willing to be convinced by the idea, only to be put off by the slip-shod and frequently complacent manner in which it was realised, then give this a try. If it doesn't win you over, then nothing will.

It's an involved book, and one which requires some concentration — I was ready to mark it down for reiterating the 'no second chances, no justice in the universe' attitude I so dislike about the McCoy years until I realised in the final pages that it wasn't, in fact, taking that line after a careful comparison to an earlier sequence. Be prepared to take notes of the Aztec names, particularly, as they don't stick in the mind, and small differences are in some cases significant. But its convoluted timelines, which sees the plot beginning in 1993 (not '94, as stated on the back cover) and then sidelining to 1487 before moving on completely first to 1968, then to 1980 and finally to 1912 before returning to '80 and '93 for the epilogue, do finally make sense (though, at one point, unless I've missed something, Cristian does refer to an event he won't witness for another twelve years). It also provides the justification for one of the nastiest yet most realistic treatments of time travel I've ever seen in WHO, as the Doctor emerges from the TARDIS onto the doomed Titanic with a list of the survivors in his pocket, so that he can check whether history will be changed should a particular bystander get caught in the cross fire of his final confrontation with Huitzilin.

To say more would give things away, but the plot involves the sacrificial rituals of the Aztecs, the eradication of their history by the invading Christians, the break-up of the Beatles and the murder of John Lennon, the early days of pre-Invasion UNIT and the hippy culture of swinging London... The building tension of the references to the 'Alternative History' plot seem almost a distraction, though this over-arching plot does provide a justification for one or two plot devices to which I might otherwise have objected — principally, Huitzilin's initial survival.

The treatment of the regulars is impressive. Ace's largely psychopathic behaviour over the last six months is seized upon and used as the basis for one of the closest and most shocking scrapes the Doctor has ever escaped, in what I suspect is a bit of retrospective continuity, though we'll see. Hopefully this will provide the justification for a move away from the justifiably unpopular characterisation introduced in *Deceit*, though I'd still prefer it if she were written out all together, so as to allow the far more interesting Bernice more room to breathe (and also a chance to show the stronger aspects to her character which have been largely ignored since she became the humanitarian foil to Ace).

As for the Doctor, though still showing aspects of McCoy's onscreen callousness, he is far more vulnerable here than he has been for some time, and therefore somewhat closer to his 'true' character. Given a little more of this, the seventh Doctor will start to feel like the real McCoy... (Sorry).

Peppering the book are references which will be a delight to both fans and regular readers. Last year, I criticised *Nightshade* for ignoring the Apollo 8 flight when the rest of its historical detail was so good — here, a comment of Ace's establishes that *Nightshade* is taking place simultaneously, a few lines before the Doctor glances at a newspaper and refers to the imminent Apollo 8 launch!

A few pages later, the two books can be synched exactly, as people watch the same NIGHTSHADE repeats that Trevithick so enjoys in the Marc Gatiss' book. One paragraph on page 225 would pass un-noticed to any non-fan — but to anyone familiar with the details of *The Invasion of Time* and *The Five Doctors* should give a wry grin! And the TARDIS herself provides a literal Deus Ex Machina which any fan will love in the final pages, establishing her as a character in her own right for the first time in years... (She also makes productive use of her Chameleon Circuit on several occasions).

All in all, *The Left Handed Hummingbird* is perhaps the best NEW ADVENTURES I've ever read. The only criticism I can make of it is that I won't be sure of that until I've read it again, because I'm not sure I've yet got its measure. And given Virgin's current release schedule, does anyone with a life (at least, anyone trying to keep up to date, a struggle I abandoned months ago) have the chance to re-read them? That's not so much a criticism of *Hummer* than of Virgin though, because I'd far sooner have four a year like this, than twelve time servers.(10)

Anthony Brown

"You've got a straightforward choice: your conscience or our survival."

SURVIVORS

Law and Order/ The Future Hour - BBC Video, January, £10.99

DRIFTING toward the end of the first season SURVIVORS is settling into a routine, though not quite as predictable as that reached in season two. In *Law and Order*, however, the threat to the community comes from within not without. It is typical of the series that the episode opens with a domestic disaster. Things have gone wrong. Here this is stretched further. Discontent is rife; all is not well, so a party is thrown to bring everyone together. Unfortunately drunkenness leads to a bloody end and Wendy gets hacked to bits. Oh dear.

There is something deeply unsatisfactory about this episode. It doesn't gel. Its object, clearly, is to create a dramatic injustice. Things are not well in the settlement and the execution of a patently innocent man is the extended form of this. Unfortunately it is because Barney is so obviously innocent of the murder that the episode is so unconvincing. Greg is an authoritarian git from the start, which is fair enough because this is how he has been played hitherto, but when confronted with the situation in *Law and Order* this trait becomes absurd. Greg is stubborn and obstinate, yes, but not stupid. And 'stupid' accurately describes his behaviour in *Law and Order*.

He is not alone in this. Both he and Abby do themselves no credit over this issue and end up perpetrating a second injustice on top of the first in order to maintain their credibility, which would have been totally lost had the truth become known. The evidence pointing to Barney's guilt is barely even circumstantial, but Greg leaps upon it as clearly pointing to the simpleton's guilt, and he bullies everyone else into submission without even considering any of the more reasonable alternatives presented. Greg's obtuseness, and the crass scripting, rob the proceedings of any opportunity for tension which better approaches to this scenario might have afforded, and there are many other ways in which the episode could have been improved.

It is the murder and its aftermath that are the issue, but nearly half the episode is spent arriving at this point. A POIROT-style investigation, clearly, would not have been appropriate in this series, but it would have done no harm to have opened with Wendy already dead, before recollections and flashbacks related how and why. There is no obligation that the narrative be so resolutely linear. Because we spend so long getting to the murder and the trial the audience is left wondering what the point of all this rather boring stuff is going to be. And this is the crux of the matter: what, exactly, is the object of the episode? As it stands the audience knows perfectly well what has happened. It is possibly this knowledge which makes Greg and Abby's reasoning so farcical. If the audience had not known the truth dramatic tension might have been enhanced. However the object seems to be to arouse a sense of horror in the audience at the injustice being perpetrated, and as has already been observed the improbability of the conclusions reached negates this. Had someone less obviously innocent been executed, and had they been able to put up a fight or defend themselves things might have worked a whole lot better. Perhaps if Barney really had done it, and they'd shot Arthur instead. Now that would have worked.

Oddly enough the only person to emerge from this mess with any honour is the real murderer — Tom Price. Okay, so he's terrified to save his neck, but he also does his level best to save Barney. His attempts tragically backfire, but he did try, and he does eventually confess, albeit too late.

In *Law and Order*'s favour is its use of the expanding cast (note that this tape sees the death of three regulars), who all have something to do and the splendid direction of Pennant Roberts. Also in its favour is the fact that it is an episode of SURVIVORS. It may be below par for the series as a whole, but for an above par series that still makes it very good. (6)

The close of *Law and Order* sees the changed values of life after The Death saving Tom Price, but some retribution clearly is required to satisfy the less expediency-conscious viewers. This retribution is not long in coming, as the pseudonymous Jeeves' episode is followed by the superior Nation-scripted *The Future Hour*. Say what you like about Terry Nation, but SURVIVORS lost an awful lot of its impact after he left.

The Future Hour is a straightforward and unpretentious story more in

Continued overleaf...

keeping with the earlier episodes. Greg and Co. encounter someone whose approach to survival differs from theirs, and the friction ends in a shootout, though not as protracted a one as in the later *Something of Value*. It is noticeable that in both the episodes on this tape Greg is a more brutal and uncompromising figure than he had been earlier on. It seems that, having settled down, he is now prepared to sacrifice anything to keep his community going. "Them and us" is the order of the day, and if Laura had been a member of the community to start with one wonders whether his response here might not have been rather different. The answer to this is probably yes, and in any case Greg's increasingly separatist attitude raises questions over just where the moral high ground, if there is one, lies. The only significant difference between Greg and Huxley (played by Glyn Owen, who gets to deliver the line "I'll be back..." nine years before Schwarzenegger made it his own) is that Huxley shoots first. Okay so the script places our sympathy with Greg and Co., but both Greg and Huxley are, when it comes to it, merely protecting their own interests. By season three the 'good guys', under Greg's guidance, are reviving the notion of money, so Huxley's scheme to amass wealth proves perfectly longsighted. If in so doing he provides resources for other people then fair enough.

Of course Huxley's means are rather brutal but Greg's in *Garland's War* were hardly cricket, and after his actions in the previous episode it would be difficult for our gallant leader to object. Huxley had no intention of killing people — indeed he shows concern for the wounded Tom Price. As in *Law and Order* Greg does not leave this situation as the moral victor.

Glyn Owen turns in a solid performance while Talfryn Thomas leaves the series with his character only slightly redeemed, and Denis Lawson, late of THE JUSTICE GAME, joins for a brief period though he will never have very much to do. Workmanlike direction is provided by Terence Williams, and anyone who wishes to can devise hazy parallels between *The Future Hour* and *Cape Fear*, though I wouldn't bother. (7)

This is probably the weakest SURVIVORS tape so far, but as has already been observed this in no way makes it bad. I had nevertheless been intending to advise that if you're short of dosh, you should give this one a miss in favour of the cracking episodes yet to come. But as it turns out, you should get it anyway, as it's almost certainly the last that'll be on offer...

Peter Linford

THE DWB COMPENDIUM

Compiled and Edited by Gary Leigh
DreamWatch Publishing £11.99

PROLOGUE: *This is an odd review. I'm reviewing a book with some of my stuff in it for somebody who is not only the editor of the book but also publishes the magazine which this review appears in. On top of that, it's a magazine review reviewing the best of the magazine itself. See what I meant Odd. Still, let's try and 'unbias' it as much as possible.*

If you're a real fan of DOCTOR WHO and have recently started buying DWB, then put this book on your Christmas list or make it that treat you've been saving up for for ages. If you're a longer term subscriber to this magazine, then maybe you'd better assess it first before purchase, what with these days of recession, unemployment and general unpleasantness hiding beneath every bush.

The subtitle to this beautifully produced 136 page volume is The Best of the First 100 Issues, and highly impressive it is too. Gary has picked some of the very best articles and guides and reproduced them there in an updated and revised format (but not interviews... they will follow later). This is why the book is a must for new readers. Old readers may need more encouragement, so in an effort to appease both parties, I shall attempt to concentrate on these new selling points.

The flow of the book is excellent as it moves through twenty-four different items from the magazine's first century of issues. Reproduction is high on good quality paper, but due to the order of the articles (which gives the excellent narrative flow) all the articles with the interesting visual material appear in the first half of the volume. It's a shame that some of the other items could not have been illustrated with more artwork or miscellaneous photos. Whilst it makes perfect sense to run Anthony Brown's superb piece on missing stories directly after Return of the Cybermen, it also unfortunately means that there are seven consecutive double spreads of solid text with only one tiny photo in the whole lot. When the layout is good — it's excellent. But when the visual material is lacking, it collapses.

But what's in it? Okay, here we go. We start with a set of Robert Jewell's sixteen telesnaps from *The Feast of Steven* with a brief synopsis by myself — so I can't comment on this further than saying that I like the layout (we even managed to get the caption slides in — my thanks to Dave Auger and Richard Landen for help on this one). Next come the thirty-six telesnaps from *The Macra Terror*, which — save for the last eight which are out of sequence — are very nice and visually fascinating.

Next comes Richard Molesworth's superb DOCTOR WHO in the Archives which is almost worth the cover price alone. This takes the reader through easy explanations of all these myriad technical terms, and documents with extreme detail what is (and isn't) at the BBC in a much updated version of what appeared in DWB a few years back. Amongst these pages you can also find two wonderful new stills taken on the set of *The Nightmare Begins...* as well as learning all about how many different recording spools exist for more recent stories and the exact durations of early edits of the McCoy and Colin Baker material. However, I'm still dubious about this clip of *The Macra Terror* Episode 2 from *The Three Doctors* Episode One. I studied this a couple of years ago, and it seems to show Troughton running through a smoking quarry on location in a daytime film sequence. Problem is... Troughton never did any location filming on *The Macra Terror*. The only area where the article could have been improved, by quoting some of its sources and research. Otherwise, an absolute delight.

The Forgotten Masterpiece by Jeremy Bentham is a straight reprint of the appreciation of Marco Polo to accompany some rather bland telesnaps taken in Australia from an episode of that story. Jeremy also penned the next item — in which it must be said that despite his excellent text, the highlight has to be the range of never-before-seen-photos for the recording of *The Daleks* (the episode — not the serial) and the filming of *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* in London.

Staying with Daleks is the full photonovel of *The Power of the Daleks* which takes up the next twenty-five pages or so with the (near) complete script and also some nice Topham colour shots. This leads nicely into Justin Richard's highly enjoyable Troughton & the Daleks, which was my favourite article in the first DWB I ever purchased! Having polished off the Daleks Justin then moves on with equal success to study the Cybermen, which in turn dovetails nicely into the metal men themselves starring in telepics from *The Moonbase* Episodes 1 and 3. Minor gripe here, I really feel that the text accompanying this should have been taken from the transmitted broadcast. This would have avoided peculiarities such as Benoit's first name being Jules in Episode 1 and then Roget in Episode 3.

Return of the Cybermen, the Gerry Davis script which became *Revenge of the Cybermen*, turns up next — and although fascinating in a technical sense, I have to say that I prefer Robert Holmes' rewritten version since this smacks far too much of a rewrite of the Sixties stories (not that there's anything wrong with those). Anthony Brown's superb and aforementioned The Death of Yesterday then rounds this off, with an exhaustive look at aborted scripts and storylines. An example of this is then given with *Operation Werewolf* (unused Troughton script) and then followed by the Drama Classified List (a list of writers - very useful but for researchers only!).

The synopsis for *The Last of the Time Lords* movie is then reprinted with a smashing cartoon (which is far more interesting than the storyline!). Another highlight then comes with Gordon

McAllister's collected ratings analysis of DOCTOR WHO, listing audience size and chart position for each episode (although this time the more fascinating AIs and RIs are missing — a great shame). Another significant drawback here is that the layout leaves a lot to be desired, and the original comments that accompanied the lists are missing. Following this comes more analysis of the same figures and then the DWB Poll of Polls. This last item — in retrospect — I now feel should have been omitted, allowing more space to be given over to text backing up audience analysis.

The back of the book now gets a wee bit bitty. Paul Cornell's landmark analysis of The Androzani Effect (regarding the top rated story in the poll) is followed by Gordon's excellent study into Audience Research for Season Twenty-Six and then an anonymous piece on BBC Drama Early Warning Synopses.

For those whose tastes range a little wider than DOCTOR WHO, we now have a few other items. The BLAKE'S 7 Ratings Guide is first, followed by an extremely good and thoroughly updated merchandise guide to that series by Kevin Davies (of Southport) which is vastly superior to the original — although I feel that the editorial policy of placing prices on items is highly questionable (golden rule: an item is worth whatever a individual believes it to be worth). Richard Molesworth then delivers a basic guide to other Telefantasy Archives which, whilst good, is not as exhaustive as the jolly useful little tome put out by the Stourbridge Television Archive mob a while back. Thankfully, the embarrassing errors of the original version have been remedied. After that there's my own little guide to episode guides. Nice layout — what else can I say? The rather dubious DWB Index — which I personally never found that useful — follows. This time I've found myself credited for two things I never wrote!

So, to sum up, I'm delighted to have all these choice items collected together into one single volume as a handy research guide and something to dip into now and again. For people who have never read these items, it's a must. For hardened readers who may think it's old hat, some of the revisions — particularly Richard's excellent archive piece — could make it worth your while investing in a copy. Generally, it's well produced but a little more thought needs to be given to layout next time. Go on — treat yourselves. (9)

Andrew Pixley

Errata/Addendum

Editor's note: *No book professing to be a complete reference work is complete without a list of those annoying little errors, inconsistencies or additional information which only come to light* ***after*** *it has been committed to press (and numerous proof-reading sessions!). The following listing is intended to make The Compendium as thoroughly accurate and detailed as possible, though inevitably there will be those willing to prove me wrong...*

PAGE 1 (ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS): Paul Redfearn, artist of the *Talons of Weng-Chiang* artwork on page 112, is omitted from this list. Incidentally, professional illustrators Andy Walker and Paul Vyse provided the artwork appearing on pages 66 and 78 respectively.

PAGE 2 (OPPOSITE): The second volume in this series - *The DWB Interview File* - published January 1994, later than originally scheduled due to an increase in content to around 180 pages, far in excess of what was originally planned. Various factors upped its page count, including an abundance of more previously unpublished photographic material, an all-new interview with Carole Ann Ford including rare photographs from her own private collection, and the updating of several interviews with such subjects as Terrance Dicks, Christopher Barry and Graeme Harper, all of whom have interesting new information to add.

The price for *The Interview File* is subsequently £13.99 (inclusive of P+P) and not £11.49 as stated (US$29.95, Australia/NZ £19 sterling, Ireland/Europe £16).

Hardback editions are available from January 1994, priced £16.99 for the *Compendium* and £18.99 for the *Interview File* (inclusive of P+P). £32 for both volumes.

All of the above prices are subject to a sudden imposition of VAT!

PAGE 11 (THE MACRA TERROR): The last four stills hail from episode three, the penultimate four from episode four and not vice versa as stated on page 8. Further to the note on page 8, Marvel's DOCTOR WHO Magazine has discovered original John Cura 'Telesnaps' from every episode between *The Savages* and *The Wheel in Space* inclusive (with the exception of *The Enemy of the World* episode four), and the complete set from *The Macra Terror* is published in 1994.

DOCTOR WHO IN THE ARCHIVES

PAGE 15: Ian Levine was instrumental in locating many of these missing episodes.

PAGE 19: The second missing clip stated as hailing from episode four of *The Daleks' Master Plan* - depicting the Daleks inside their ship on course for the planet Desperus - is from episode three; A six-second clip from episode six of *The Power of the Daleks* - featuring scenes of exploding Daleks and a shot of the Dalek mutant - was discovered in November 1993 by the team behind the BBC1 documentary *Thirty Years in the TARDIS*; The origin of the Troughton insert in *The Three Doctors* is a contentious issue. Some believe it hails from a different Troughton story since it appears to be a film insert and no filming was done for *The Macra Terror*, whilst others suggest that it was specially shot at the time of *The Three Doctors*, along with the fresh William Hartnell footage.

PAGE 21: *Carnival of Monsters* exists as a 625-line 71 edit, not 525-line.

PAGE 23: 71 edits of *Ghost Light* **do** exist in private collections; The first edit of *The Curse of Fenric* episode four came in at thirty minutes and one second.

PAGE 27: (EXAPANDING THE DIMENSIONS): This article was written by Jeremy Bentham.

PAGE 57: (POWER CREDITS): Nicholas Evans also played a Dalek operator and the Radio Engineer was Philip Ryan.

PAGE 93 (DEATH OF YESTERDAY): Writer Christopher Priest **did** receive a written apology, but still declined from contributing to DOCTOR WHO again.

PAGE 97 (OPERATION WEREWOLF): Innes Lloyd's handwritten comments appear on this page, and not the previous page as stated.

RATINGS

PAGE 106: *Genesis of the Daleks* was repeated on BBC1 in 1975 not BBC2.

PAGE 107: *Arc of Infinity* episode one was broadcast 03-01-83, not 04-01-83.

PAGE 108: The positions for *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* episode two and three were 99 and 108 respectively.

PAGE 113 (DWB POLL OF POLLS): Terrance Dicks is sixth in the Writers category, not seventh.

PAGE 119 (BLAKE'S 7 RATINGS GUIDE): For 'Oval' read *Duel*.

PAGE 120 (BLAKE'S 7 MERCHANDISE GUIDE): The original version of this article first appeared in *DWB76*, not 66.

PAGE 132 (THE INDEX): Andrew Pixley is incorrectly listed as the author of the book review of *Better than Life* in *DWB77* and the *Robin of Sherwood* video review "Robin Hood and the Sorceror" in *DWB73*, which were written by Richard Molesworth and Jason Haigh Ellery respectively.

Jean Marsh (Sara Kingdom) on the 'Hollywood' set for the 1965 Christmas Day episode of DOCTOR WHO - *The Feast of Steven*...